POEMS

ON

Several Occasions.

In Two Volumes.

By Mr. JOSEPH MITCHELL.

VOL. I.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

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RIGHT HONOURABLE

JOHN *Earl of* STAIR,

THIS

VOLUME is Dedicated,

AS A

LASTING MONUMENT

OF

ESTEEM, GRATITUDE, and SUBMISSION,

BY

His LORDSHIP'S

Moſt obliged, and ever

Faithful humble Servant,

Mitchell.

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OF

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and

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THE

Muſe's Original:

AN

ODE.

INSCRIB'D TO

AARON HILL, Eſq;

WAKE, heav'nly *Muſe*, and vindicate thy (Rights,
Uſurp'd, profan'd, and ſacrific'd, by *Foes*,
Who, or to *Pagan* Pow'rs aſcribe their (Flights,
Or, with thy Praiſes, honour Earth-born *Proſe*.
Heedleſs of *Cuſtom*, and the *Fool*'s blind Rage,
Boldly thy *Worth* and *Origin* impart,

And teach a looſe and undiſcerning Age,
To reverence *Genius*, and be juſt to *Art*.
And Thou, of Verſe and Man th' almighty *Sire*,
Who, long ere *Heathen Gods* were idly known,
Did'ſt *form* the Mind, the Mind *inſpire*,
And *tune* it by thy own,
Aid, and conduct, the Purpoſe of my Lays;
Thine is the *Pow'r*, and thine be all the *Praiſe*.

II.

By venal *Poets* miſapply'd,
And by the Dull diſgrac'd,
Long has the *Muſe* been aiming wide,
In *Wit*'s luxuriant Waſte;
Long has ſhe worn the Masks of painted *Vice*,
And, by the Pow'r of proſtituted *Rhime*,
Made *Guilt* ſeem void of *Crime*,
And *Poetry* deteſted by the *Wiſe*.

The

The raviſh'd *Nymph* each ſtern Beholder ſcorns;
And terms That *Scandal*, which Mankind *adorns*:
Ev'n *Bards* Themſelves, diſclaiming due Renown,
Reſign their Rights, and *Pagan* Altars crown;
Meanly, the *Muſe's* Line from *Phœbus* trace,
And empty *Nothings* in Dominion place.
Or ſhou'd *one* riſe, with a diviner Flame,
And boldly deathleſs Honours claim,
Cuſtom wou'd keep the World averſe to yield,
That, from *celeſtial Aid*, his Genius came,
And drive him, *unrewarded*, from the Field.

III.

But if the *Muſe* unveils forgotten Years,
What high majeſtic Dignity appears!
The ſpotleſs Verſe, that tun'd the infant Earth,
Was honour'd, as became its Birth.

Then all, that *Poets* taught, was held divine,
Moral in Senſe, and Godlike in Deſign.
Like Heav'ns high *Oracles* rever'd,
They, and *They only*, Heav'ns Decrees made known;
The gathering Crowds, with Awe, their Dictates heard,
And, by their *Poets* Lives, reform'd their own.
Then ſacred Songs cou'd Truths ſublime rehearſe,
And ſtern Religion charm'd the Soul, in Verſe.
Prieſts were Themſelves the *Poets* Then,
And *felt* the Pow'r they *preach'd* to Men.

III.

Teach, heav'nly *Muſe*, when raptur'd MOSES ſung,
What pow'rful Tranſports arm'd his conquering (Tongue!
MOSES, who heard and mov'd the Voice of Heav'n,
By whom Religion's firſt-known Laws were giv'n!

Him

Him a divine Enthuſiaſt's Fury fill'd,
The *God* within beat ſtrong his widen'd Heart,
Celeſtial Raptures thro' his Spirits thrill'd,
And his Verſe flam'd with Fire, unknown to Art.
ISRAEL, eſcaping from *Ægyptian* Sway,
Hung liſt'ning in the dangerous way; (Shore,
Urg'd by their *Guide*'s ſweet Song, they climb'd the
Nor weigh'd the Wonder, while his Muſick charm'd;
Safe o'er one Sea, they wiſh'd to plunge in more;
So had the *Poet* their new Virtue warm'd!

V.

DAVID, a Man allied to God's own Heart,
Ow'd to that favouring God the Poet's Art.
Inſpir'd with Force of unreſiſted Thought,
He wrote as much a Conqueror, as he fought:
Still as his *Soldiers* liſten'd to his Strains,
Their Blood ran rapt'rous thro' their ſwelling Veins.

With perfect Maſtery, he cou'd mould the Mind,
Rais'd it above the Reach of human Fear;
Or made the *Warrior* ſoft as Womankind,
When, with more gentle Notes, he ſtruck the Ear.
At Will, he cou'd the Spirit move,
And fill the Heart with Anger, Grief, or Love.
Ev'n yet his Image lives in each warm Line,
Like his great Actions, all divine.
Religion's Self appears with double Grace,
When his ſweet *Muſe* deſcribes its beauteous Face.

VI.

O'er the rich Gifts, that fill'd his Son's wiſe Heart,
High ſhone this ſacred Art.
Mark with what moving Energy of Wit,
Th' *imperial Lover* writ!
In Nature skill'd, he touch'd the tender Soul,
And cou'd the Springs of Simpathy control.

Wiſdom and *Poetry*, together join'd,
To make him more a King, combin'd.
And ſure, this Royal, this diſtinguiſh'd, Sage,
Was wiſer than thoſe blind, but holy, *Drones*,
The Stains of our fanatick Age!
Whoſe reverend Ignorance the *Muſe* diſowns;
Who uſe her ill, and underſtand her worſe,
And 'gainſt her Influence hum their drowſy Curſe.

VII.

But thoſe were Times of *Truth* and generous *Senſe*,
When *Wit* was bright with *Innocence*;
Things unprofan'd her ſacred Care employ'd,
Nor had the *Heathen* World her Charms enjoy'd.
God's favour'd Sons monopoliz'd the Art,
Nor left to *Pagan Bards* an envied Part.
Long loſt in darkneſs, and miſled,
By hungry Dæmons, whom their Altars fed,

Succeeding Nations, thro' a Depth of Night,
Saw, ſlow, a glimm'ring Light.
Yet, as they roſe to Genius, what they thought,
Their never-dying Verſe has taught.
If GREEKS and ROMANS then have thus been fir'd,
How ſung the HEBREWS, whom their God inſpir'd!
At leaſt th' immortal *Copy* tells,
To what vaſt Height th' *Original* excels.

VIII.

But, when, reſolv'd in Sin, the *Hebrew* State
To unbelieving Pow'rs became a Prey,
Their *Muſe* too ſunk amidſt their common Fate,
And all Heav'ns Gifts, at once, diſſolv'd away.
Exil'd, and loſt, their captive Spirits fail'd,
And doleful Notes o'er cheerful Airs prevail'd.
Yet long they labour'd up th' o'erpow'ring Stream,
Warm with ſome remnant Sparks of ancient Flame.

Sacred

Sacred the *Muſe* in ev'ry Land was held,
And all reap'd Honours, who in Verſe excell'd.
Ev'n the APOSTLE's Eloquence, when ſent,
The Fall of faithleſs Nations to prevent,
While with *Athenian* Eloquence it ſtrove,
Choſe, as the ſtrongeſt Argument to move,
To quote their own great *Poet*'s Wit;
No human Truth he found ſo fit
To ſtrengthen and confirm his heav'nly Cauſe,
And force an unconverted World's Applauſe!

IX.

But now again, in the clear *Goſpel*'s Light,
Eternal Life and endleſs Joy
The *Muſes* beſt can teach, redeem'd from Night,
And arm'd with Weapons they too ill employ.
Taſtleſs *Pretenders* to the Art,
Of Heads unſettled, and of wicked Heart,

Wou'd

Wou'd the pure Current ſtain,
And back to Idol ÆGYPT turn again—
Fatal Miſtake! but what tho' ſome run mad,
Muſt therefore the poetic Air be bad?
If Right grows forfeit, when it meets Abuſe,
Reaſon and Search no longer are of Uſe.

X.

Wou'd *Chriſtian Poets* their whole Forces join,
How wou'd the World confeſs their *Muſe* divine!
What *well-bred Reformation* wou'd enſue?
What Strength in Fancy, and in Practice, too?
Then might the *Theater*, and *Pulpit*, vie,
And each its ſeveral Influence try.
Sweetly attracted to the charmful Bait,
Men wou'd no more ſhun Truth, nor Reaſon hate.
Like wiſe *Phyſicians*, who their Drugs infold
In Surfaces of tempting Gold,

Poets

Poets wou'd, by a Kind of virtuous Stealth,
Cheat their ſick Readers into Health.
Prodigious Pow'r of ſoft, prevailing Art,
That breathes ſuch gentle Fire, to melt th'unwilling (Heart!

XI.

What art Thou, that by Paſſion ſo refin'd,
Can'ſt firſt redeem, then fortify the Mind?
Ev'n againſt Nature urge our natural Heat,
And force th' unactive Virtue to be great?
O touch my trembling Lips, celeſtial *Muſe*,
With a live-coal from Heav'ns unfading Fire,
Teach my faint Song thy influence to infuſe,
And for immortal Fame my Breaſt inſpire.
While others, Flatterers of an earthly Crown,
Wou'd to ſome empty Honour owe Renown,
Teach me to build a Pile of ſacred Rhime,
That ſhall defy the Teeth of Time.

And

And, when forgotten Titles are no more,
And vulgar Hopes have ebb'd their utmoſt Store,
Let my lov'd *Muſe* known, and remember'd, live,
And endleſs Joy thro' unborn Ages give.

XII.

Heedleſs of *Cuſtom*, and the vulgar Breath,
I toil for *Glory*, in a Path untrod,
Or where but few have dar'd to combat Death,
And few, unſtaggering, carry Virtue's Load.

Thy *Muſe*, O HILL, of living Names,
My firſt Reſpect, and chief Attendance claims.
Sublimely fir'd, Thou look'ſt diſdainful down
On trifling Subjects, and a vile Renown.
In every Verſe, in ev'ry Thought of thine,
There's heav'nly Rapture and Deſign.
Who can thy Godlike *GIDEON view,

* GIDEON, *an Epic Poem, by* A. Hill, *Eſq;*

And

And not thy *Muſe* purſue,
Or wiſh, at leaſt, ſuch Miracles to do?

XIII.

Sure, in thy Breaſt, the ancient *Hebrew* Fire
Reviv'd, glows hot, and blazes forth!
How ſtrong, how fierce, the Flames aſpire,
Of thy interior Worth,
When † burning Worlds thou ſet'ſt before our Eyes,
And draw'ſt tremenduous Judgment from the Skies!
O bear me on thy *Seraph* Wing,
And teach my weak, obſequious, *Muſe* to ſing.
To *Thee* I owe the little Art I boaſt;
Thy Heat firſt melted my co-genial Froſt.
Preſerve the Sparks thy Breath did fan,
And, by thy Likeneſs, form me into true poetic Man.

† *See the Judgment-Day, a Poem, by* A. Hill, *Eſq;*

A N

O D E

ON THE

POWER of MUSICK.

INSCRIB'D TO

Mr. *Alexander Malcolm,*

Occasion'd by his

TREATISE of MUSICK.

I.

WHEN Nature yet in *Embrio* lay,
Ere Things began to Be,
The Almighty from eternal Day
Spoke loud his deep Decree:

The

The Voice was tuneful as his Love,
At which Creation ſprung,
And all th' *Angelick* Hoſts above
The Morning Anthem Sung.

II.

As Muſick's ſweet prevailing Call,
Thro' boundleſs Realms of Space,
The Atoms danc'd, obſequious, all,
And, to compoſe this wond'rous Ball,
In order took their Place.
How did the Piles of Matter part,
And huddled Nature from her Slumber ſtart?
When, from the Maſs immenſely ſteep,
The Voice bid Order ſudden leap,
To uſher in a World.
What Heav'nly Melody and Love
Began in ev'ry Sphere to move?

When

When Elements, that jarr'd before,
Were all aſide diſtinctly hurl'd,
And Chaos reign'd no more.

III.

Muſick the mighty Parent was,
Empower'd by God, the Sovereign Cauſe.
Muſick firſt ſpirited the Lifeleſs Waſte,
Sever'd the ſullen, bulky Maſs,
And active Motion call'd from lazy Reſt.
Summon'd by Muſick, *Form* uprear'd her Head,
From Depths, where Life it ſelf lay dead;
While ſudden Rays of ever-living Light
Broke from the Abyſs of ancient Night,
Reveal'd the New-born Earth around, and its fair (Influence ſpread.
God ſaw that all the Work was good;
The Work, the Effect of Harmony, its wond'rous (Off-ſpring, ſtood.

IV.

Muſick, the beſt of Arts Divine,
Maintains the Tune it firſt began,
And makes ev'n Oppoſites combine
To be of uſe to Man.
Diſcords with tuneful Concords move
Thro' all the Spacious Frame;
Below is breath'd the Sound of Love,
While Myſtick Dances ſhine *Above*,
And Muſick's Power to nether Worlds proclaim.
What various Globes in proper Spheres,
Perform their Great Creator's Will?
While never ſilent, never ſtill,
Melodiouſly they run,
Unhurt by Chance, or Length of Years,
Around the Central Sun.

The

V.

The little, perfect World, call'd Man,
In whom the Diapaſon ends,
In his Contexture, ſhews a Plan
Of Harmony, that makes amends,
(By God-like Beauty, that adorns his Race,)
For all the Spots on Nature's Face.
He boaſts a pure, a tuneful Soul,
That rivals the Celeſtial Throng,
And can ev'n Savage Beaſts controul
With his enchanting Song.
Tho' diff'rent Paſſions ſtruggle in his Mind,
Where Love and Hatred, Hope and Fear are join'd,
All, by a ſecret Guidance, tend
To one harmonious End.

VI.

Its great Original to prove,
And ſhew it bleſs'd us from above,
In creeping Winds, thro' Air it ſweetly floats,
And works ſtrange Miracles by Notes.
Our beating Pulſes bear each bidden Part,
And ev'ry Paſſion of the maſter'd Heart
Is touch'd with Sympathy, and ſpeaks the Wonders of the Art.
Now Love, in ſoft and whiſpering Strains,
Thrills gently thro' the Veins,
And binds the Soul in Silken Chains.
Then Rage and Fury fire the Blood,
And hurried Spirits, riſing high, ferment the boiling Flood.
Silent, anon, we ſink, reſign'd in Grief:
But, e're our yielding Paſſions quite ſubſide,
Some ſwelling Note calls back the ebbing Tide,
And

And lifts us to Relief.

With Sound we Love, we Joy, and we Deſpair,
The ſolid Subſtance hug, or graſp deluſive Air.

VII.

In various Ways the Heart-ſtrings ſhake,
Aud different things they ſpeak.
For, when the meaning Maſters ſtrike the *Lyre*,
Or *Haut-boys* briskly move,
Our Souls, like Lightning, blaze with quick Deſire,
Or melt away in Love.
But when the Martial *Trumpet*, ſwelling high,
Rolls its ſhrill Clangor thro' the ecchoing Sky;
If, anſwering hoarſe, the ſullen *Drum*'s big Beat
Does, in dead Notes, the lively Call repeat;
Bravely at once we break o'er Nature's Bounds,
Snatch at grim Death, and look, unmov'd, on (Wounds.

Slumb'ring, our Souls lean o'er the trembling *Lute*;
Softly, we mourn with the complaining *Flute*;
With the *Violin* laugh at our Foes;
By turns, with the *Organ* we bear on the Sky,
Whilſt, exulting in Triumph, on Æther we fly,
Or, falling, groan upon the *Harp*, beneath a Load of (Woes.

Each Inſtrument has magic Pow'r
To enliven or deſtroy,
To ſink the Heart, and, in one Hour,
Entrance our Souls with Joy.
At ev'ry Touch, we loſe our raviſh'd Thoughts,
And Life, it ſelf, in quivering Clings, hangs o'er the (varied Notes.

VIII.

How does the ſtarting *Treble* raiſe
The Mind to rapt'rous Heights;

It

It leaves all Nature in Amaze,
And drowns us with Delights.
But, when the Manly, the Majeſtick *Baſe*
Appears with awful Grace,
What Solemn Thoughts are in the Mind infus'd?
And how the Spirits rouz'd?
In ſlow-pac'd Triumph, we are led around,
And all the Scene with haughty Pomp is crown'd;
Till Friendly *Tenor* gently flows,
Like ſweet, meandring Streams,
And makes an Union, as it goes,
Betwixt the two Extreams.
The blended Parts in *That* agree,
As Waters mingle in the Sea,
And yield a Compound of delightful Melody.

Strange

IX.

Strange is the Force of modulated Sound,
That, like a Torrent, ſweeps o'er ev'ry Mound!
It tunes the Heart, at ev'ry Turn;
With ev'ry Moment gives new Paſſions Birth;
Sometimes we take delight to Mourn;
Sometimes enchance our Mirth.
It ſooths deep Sorrow in the Breaſt;
It lulls our waking Cares to Reſt,
Fate's clouded Brow ſerenes with Eaſe,
And makes ev'n Madneſs pleaſe.
As much as Man can meaner Arts controul,
It manages his maſter'd Soul,
The moſt invet'rate Spleen diſarms,
And, like AURELIA, Charms:
AURELIA! dear, diſtinguiſh'd Fair!
In whom the Graces center'd are!

Whoſe

Whoſe Beauty, Muſick in Diſguiſe!
Attracts the gazing Eyes,
Thrills thro' the Soul, like ſad *LOUISA's Lines,
And, as it certain Conqueſt makes, the Savage Soul refines.

X.

Muſick religious Thoughts inſpires,
And kindles bright Poetick Fires;
— Fires! ſuch as great † *Hillarius* raiſe
Triumphant, in their blaze!
Amid the *vulgar-verſifying* Throng
His Genius, with Diſtinction, ſhow,
And o'er our *popular Metre* lift his Song
High, as the Heav'ns are arch'd o'er Orbs below.
As if the Man was pure Intelligence,
Muſick tranſports him o'er the heights of Senſe,

* *Louiſa* to *Abelard.*
† *Aaron Hill*, Eſq;

Thro'

Thro' Chinks of Clay the Rays above lets in,
And makes Mortality Divine.
Tho' Reaſon's Bounds it ne'er defies,
Its Charms elude the Ken
Of heavy, groſs-ear'd Men,
Like Myſteries conceal'd from vulgar Eyes.
Others may *that* Diſtraction call,
Which Muſick raiſes in the Breaſt, —
To *Me*, 'tis Ecſtacy and Triumph all,
The Foretaſtes of the Raptures of the Bleſt.
Who knows not this, when *Handell* plays,
And *Seneſino* ſings?
Our Souls learn Rapture from their Lays,
While rival'd Angels ſhew amaze,
And drop their Golden Wings.

Still,

XI.

Still, God of Life, entrance my Soul
With ſuch Enthuſiaſtick Joys;
And, when grim Death, with dire Controul,
My Pleaſures in this lower Orb deſtroys,
Grant this Requeſt, whatever you deny,
For Love I bore to Melody,
That round my Bed, a ſacred Choir
Of skilful Maſters tune their Voice,
And, without Pain of agonizing Strife,
In Conſort with the *Lute* conſpire,
To untie the Bands of Life;
That, dying with the dying Sounds,
My Soul, well tun'd, may riſe,
And break o'er all the common Bounds
Of Minds, that grovel here below the Skies.

When

XII.

When living die, and dead Men live,
And Order is again to *Chaos* hurl'd,
Thou, Melody, ſhalt ſurvive
And triumph o'er the Ruins of the World.
A dreadful Trumpet never heard before,
By Angels never blown, till Then,
Thro' all the Regions of the Air ſhall roar
That Time is now no more:
But Lo! a diff'rent Scene!
Eternity appears,
Like Space unbounded, and untold by Years.
High in the Seat of Happineſs Divine
Shall Saints and Angels in full *Chorus* join;
In various Ways,
Seraphick Lays

The unceaſing Jubilee ſhall crown,
And, whilſt Heav'n ecchoes with his Praiſe,
The Almighty's ſelf ſhall hear, and look, delighted,
(down.

XIII.

Who would not wiſh to have the Skill
Of Tuning Inſtruments at Will?
Ye Pow'rs, who guide my Actions, tell
Why I, in whom the Seeds of Muſick dwell,
Who moſt its Pow'r and Excellence admire,
Whoſe very Breaſt it ſelf's a Lyre,
Was never taught the heav'nly Art
Of modulating Sounds,
And can no more, in Conſort, bear a Part
Than the wild *Roe*, that o'er the Mountains bounds?
Cou'd I live o'er my Youth again,
(But ah! the Wiſh how idly Vain!)

Inſtead

Inſtead of poor, deluding Rhime,
Which, like a Syren, murders Time,
Inſtead of dull, Scholaſtic Terms,
Which made me ſtare and fancy Charms;
With *Gordon*'s brave Ambition fir'd,
Beyond the towering *Alps*, untir'd,
To tune my Voice I'd roam;
Or ſearch the Magazines of Sound,
Where Muſick's Treaſures lie profound,
With *Malcolm* here at Home.
Malcolm, the Dear, deſerving Man,
Who taught in Nature's Laws,
To ſpread his Country's Glory can
Practiſe the Beauties of the Art, and ſhew its Grounds (and Cauſe.

XIV.

Let others, in their labour'd Verſe,
Divine *Cicilia*'s Fame rehearſe.

Let

Let 'em, unenvy'd, old *Amphion* raiſe,
Or, with feign'd Tales of *Orpheus*, toil to pleaſe.
They, and ten thouſand more may vainly ſing,
Or ſweep the ſounding Lyre —
At *Malcolm*'s Name, my Juſter Muſe takes Wing,
And tow'rs ſublimely high'r.
He, wond'rous Man! from eyeleſs Shades of Night
(Where long conceal'd they lay)
The Principles of Muſick brings to Light,
And gives immortal Day.
The Mechaniſm let others know,
And in their Ways excel,
Malcolm to greater Depths can go,
Can all its hidden Charms explain, and all its Myſteries (tell.

XV.

Hail, happy Friend! with God-like Vertues crown'd
Skill'd in the Arts and Origine of Sound,
Who

Who graſps in Theory all the heav'nly Springs
Of Melody, and wakes the ſilent Strings;
At once, can gaze the ſounding Secrets thro',
And rival *Cherubs* in the Practice too!
In ev'ry Page of thy great Work, we find
Criterions of thy Philoſophick Mind:
For theſe, the *Publick* Labours in your Praiſe—
But we, bleſt Few! who, only, know your Lays,
A double Monument, in Gratitude, muſt raiſe.

A N

O D E,

O N

B U C H A N A N.

INSCRIB'D TO

Mr. THOMAS GORDON.

I.

BUCHANAN! venerable Shade!
Immortal, by thy Merits, made!
Dare I, a Modern of inferior Lays,
At diſtance of Two hundred weakening Years,

Attempt the Grandeur of thy Praiſe,
Or ſtrow thy Urn with Tears?
Vain Piety! prepoſterous Grief!
In Wit's bright Orb, Thou ſhin'ſt th'acknowledg'd (Chief!
And need'ſt no ſtatelier Monument of Fame,
Than thy own Works, t'immortalize thy Name!
Far hence — I hear thy deathleſs Genius ſay —
Far hence, ye Vulgar; nor prophane my Clay.
Imperfect Praiſe to Slander is ally'd,
When to uncommon Virtue 'tis apply'd.
The World's united Panegyricks fail,
And, when we think we celebrate, we rail.
Yet, pardoning, ſmile on an ambitious Muſe,
Who, with unwearied Pains,
Revolving o'er thy ſacred Strains,
Fires at thy Flame, and by thy Light purſues.

Like

Like old ELIJAH, drop ſome Gift of thine,
And, ſo transfer'd, be half thy Genius mine.
Unelegantly are my Pieces wrought,
How faint the Language! and how low the Thought!
But, when my Fancy's dreſt out from thy Store,
My Strokes will then be rude no more.
Thus, when the NILE, with its augmented Train,
Sweeps o'er the *Memphian* Plain,
Forms, without Life, the Refuſe of the Flood!
Shoot all imperfect, from the teeming Mud,
Till the Sun's Heat, the Source of genial Day,
Informs the faſhion'd Clay.

II.

But, oh, what Breaſt thy Spirit can contain?
Who cou'd, like Thee, th' inſpiring God reſtrain?
What mounted Bard thy PEGASUS cou'd fit?
Or bear, unſtaggering, thy vaſt Load of Wit?

How ſhall I then, do thy fam'd Memory Right,
By ſuch an offer'd Mite?
He, who wou'd meaſure well ſuch vaſt Renown,
Muſt have a Thought, extenſive, as thy own.
In vain, the advent'rous Bard invokes the Nine —
In vain, he ſues for Aid, at PHOEBUS Shrine —
They're Bankrupts all! BUCHANAN broke them (quite,
And, whoſoe'er, henceforth, attempts to write,
Shou'd call on Him, t'inſpire with Wit and Skill —
The Stock's his own! He deals it, as he will.
The World, perhaps, to minor Poets may
Some petty Reckonings pay —
At his vaſt Sum, we ſtand amaz'd, and cry
Arithmetick can never reach ſo high!
Yet 'tis ſome Worth to wonder at his Lays,
And. where we fail to *ſpeak*, to *think* his Praiſe.

Hail

III.

Hail mightieſt Genius of the honour'd North!
SCOTIA's prime Miniſter of Wit!
Renown'd in ev'ry Region for thy Worth!
And, in whoſe Style, an Angel might have writ!
Thy ſoaring Mind, with Eagle's Flight,
Wing'd, with undazled Eye, the Realms of Light!
Th'untravel'd Orb thou journeyd'ſt in thy Thought,
And, to thy World, haſt their beſt Myſteries brought!
What Secret, that the Soul has Pow'r to know,
Too deep for thy Diſcernment lay?
Angels delighted ſeem'd, and flew to ſhow
Their kindred Bard the Magazines of Day!
O what celeſtial Heat thy Genius fir'd,
When heav'nly DAVID ſhone with all thy Flame!
Envy and Rage confeſs'd thy Muſe inſpir'd,
And paid unwilling Honours to thy Name!

So well did'ſt thou perform that dangerous Part,
That all, who, wondering, mark'd the Poet's Art,
Thought him, like DAVID's ſelf, made after God's
(own Heart!

Who, like BUCHANAN, dares, alone, engage
The pow'rful Vices of his Age?
In manly *Satyr*, nobly skill'd,
No Age, no Quality, he ſpar'd:
Crimes of no Kind eſcap'd the faithful Bard!
To Thrones and Altars he purſued and kill'd!
But, when his Muſe the *Tragic* Pinions trys,
Behold how near, and yet how ſtrong, he flys!
What moving Sentiments adorn his Page?
How ſolemn is his Rage?
O, when ſhall SCOTIA boaſt a Pen, expert
Like his, th'*Hiſtorian*'s Talent to exert?

Who

Who ſhall with equal Genius lengthen on
Th'immortal Work, by Him begun?
Who ſhall proceed with his *detective* Taſte?
And paint the *preſent* Times, as he deſcrib'd the *Paſt*?
Is the great Task, O GORDON, left to Thee?
Was is it not Heav'ns Decree,
That Thou, BUCHANAN's Equal — but in Verſe —
Our Supplemental Annals ſhould'ſt rehearſe?
Well fare the Patriot Genius, who employs
His Induſtry, to benefit Mankind;
Who builds what Time, or Prejudice, deſtroys,
And finiſhes the Work our Sires deſign'd.

IV.

Our cold and gloomy Realm in Ignorance lay,
'Till, like the Kindler of the Day,
BUCHANAN ſhone the Shades away.

Rough

Rough were the antient Tracks, 'till He
Mark'd a fair Path to Immortality.
With cautious Secrecy, thro' myſtick Veils
Of Allegories dark, and uncouth Tales,
(Which, for the Laiety to doubt, was Sin!)
Poetic Light had long been dimly ſhown,
And, in dull Hands, was almoſt Uſeleſs grown,
Till He, Defender of the Faith! came in.
The Knots, that they ſo artfully had ty'd,
And drawn ſo cloſe, with ſuperſtitious Charms,
Diſdaining to untie, he dar'd divide
With *Alexander*'s Force, and Reaſon's Arms.
Empty Tradition, and the Cant of Schools,
Vaniſh'd before his conquering Rules.
The ſtartled Oracles, at once, grew mute,
And own'd him Prophet abſolute.

Hot

Hot thro' his Works his Genius glows!
There's Inſpiration in his very *Proſe!*
Nothing, unpoliſh'd, has he left behind!
Each Line's a Tranſcript of his Mind!
His Eloquence, ungloomy, loves to ſmile,
And ſtrikes in ſuch an apt and eaſy Style,
That the charm'd Reader yields his captive Heart,
By Force to Reaſon, and by Choice to Art.
Hence foreign Pens, impartial in his Praiſe,
Have own'd that ROME was conquer'd by his Lays.
SCOTIA, in Him, the *Roman* Bounds became
In Wit, as well as War!
He prov'd the Clime has Warmth to nouriſh Fame,
Tho', from the World and Sun divided far!

V.

Tho' the whole claſſic Store to Him was known,
Whate'er he writ was all his own.

No.

Nor ſtudied He, like modern Bards to ſteal,
Nor choſe the ſcatter'd Glare of common Place.
To emulate the Antients was his Zeal—
But he outran them in the Race!
No Numbers, Theme, nor Strain,
Had Pow'r to give him Pain.
Nature ſat eaſy in his flowing Lays,
And Art but ſerv'd to gild his gather'd Bays.
O how unequal are our vulgar Bards!
Drudges, who ſell Opinion for Rewards!
Toiling, they ſtrain'd for all they writ,
Curs'd with a painful Stranguary of Wit!
Or, if they paſs a Piece in Haſte,
What obvious Want of Taſte!
All undigeſted the crude Metre lies,
And, like a loſt Abortive, dies.

BUCHA-

BUCHANAN's Works from no chance Stroke aroſe;
No ſhuffled Atoms did his World compoſe.
Well did he mark, where Wit's Foundation lay,
And, building ſure, cou'd fear no ſwift Decay.
Finding, at beſt, pretending Poet's Rhimes
Faintly reflect the Shine of antient Times,
He, by the Sun, it ſelf, did guide his Flight,
Nobly diſdainful of a borrowed Light.
Fed from this unexhauſted Store, his Flame
Muſt long burn clear, and brighten into Fame.
Such Patriarch Wit aſſerts the Pow'r
To live, till Time it ſelf's no more!
Legions of ſcribling Names, a Nation's Curſe!
Shall die, like Men of humble Proſe, or worſe—
But, when ev'n MILTON's ſtock of Fame is ſpent,
BUCHANAN's Works ſhall keep their own old Rent.

That

That Earth, he honour'd, boaſts but equal Date,
And both ſhall burn, at once, in one effulgent Fate.

VI.

Unhappy We, who, in our native Tongue,
Impriſon ſhort-liv'd Song.
Our Buildings, on a ſandy Bottom rear'd,
Muſt ſoon lie level with the Plain:
Like Leaves of Trees, the Words, that late appear'd
So elegant, ſo forceful, and endear'd,
Shall fall, ere long; nor be reviv'd again.
So Life and living Languages agree —
Each, for its Date alone, can hope to be.
Our Spirit lives but while our Language laſts;
Our Fame can be no more, when that decays.
Alas! how ſoon the boaſted Glory waſtes!
How fading are our Lays!

BUCHA-

BUCHANAN knew, and ſhun'd this Rock,
On which poor Moderns ſplit —
The Cauſe why erring Strangers mock
Our Want of Learning, or of Wit.
His Mind, expanding, graſp'd at all Mankind,
And, for a World's wide Uſe, his Works deſign'd.
Now, hence, in ev'ry Realm they're current Coin;
All know, and own the Stamp divine,
And jarring Nations, in his Praiſes, join.
True, Schiſmaticks — for ſuch in Verſe are found,
As in Religion they abound —
Will never ceaſe with empty Rage
To perſecute the Worthies of their Age.
Homer by *Momus* was purſu'd,
And *Moevius* hunted after *Maro*'s Blood.
What keeps the hoary DENNIS ſtill in Life,
But everlaſting Enmity and Strife?

Nor

Nor, Friends, nor Foes, eſcape his common Laſh:
If he gives Quarter, 'tis for Ready-Caſh.
But, when unuſual Beauties ſtrike his Sight,
They, and their Authors are condemn'd outright,
Condemn'd!—that He may earn a Morſel by't.
O Man of Grin, ſay, had'ſt thou never ſpy'd
The Charms of *Steele*, of *Addiſon*, and *Pope*,
Woud'ſt thou not, deſperate, long ere now have dy'd
By Fire, or Water, Razor, or by Rope?
BUCHANAN had his Criticks too;
Alive, his Merits fed a Few:
And dead, his Manes ſtruggles with old Fate!
* *Welſted* and *Trap* combine, at leaſt to prate.
But what are vain and unregarded Elves,
Whoſe Writings die before Themſelves?

* *See* Welſted's Longinus, Trap's Prelectiones Poeticæ, *and* Burman's *Preface to his Edition of* Buchanan.

Thou,

Thou, *Burman*, of diſtinguiſh'd Worth and Name,
Woud'ſt Thou too ſtab the immortal Poet's Fame?
How many *Gilders* bought thy venal Pen,
To preface forth ſuch Calumny and Spleen?
Haſt Thou, at Laſt, conſented to be vile?
Aod broke the *Dutch* Alliance with our Iſle?

VII.

Accurſt Attempt! Endeavour vain!
BUCHANAN's Character to ſtain.
An Antient grown, he ſoars away,
Unreach'd by Carrion Birds of Prey,
And, on their Arts, his Genius looks Diſdain.
He liv'd on Earth, tho' Dangers hem'd him round,
Till venerable Age his Virtues crown'd;
Till Nature's Self grew weary to ſupply
A Soul, whoſe Call was ſo immenſely large:

At hoary Years ſhe let him die,
And gain'd her wiſh'd Diſcharge.
But to recruit her ſelf, and ſtore Mankind,
She ſeiz'd the Treaſure of his Mind,
A Mind! which now, but Piecemeal, ſhe imparts,
Uncapable of all the Sciences and Arts.
So fell the ſacred *Sybil*, when her Breaſt
Of utmoſt Inſpiration was poſſeſt.
What tho' he boaſted not a proud Deſcent
From Anceſtors, already great in Fame?
Nor left an Heir for future Ornament
Of his remember'd Name?
'Tis fit ſuch Worth alone ſhou'd be
Its own great Founder and Poſterity.
Riches and Empire are but empty Things,
Without the Glory Merit brings.

For

For me, I'd rather boaſt BUCHANAN's Wit,
Than, like his Pupil, ſuch a Sovereign ſit.
And what Man lives, who wou'd not rather chuſe
Homer's inſpiring Muſe,
Than, like *Achilles*, Hero of his Pen,
Run bravely mad, and murder Men?

VIII.

How has this Poet's Wealth his Country bar'd,
And left it almoſt barren, to this Day?
So vaſt a Treaſure this Engroſſer ſhar'd,
That from Sixth JAMES's Time,
SCOTIA has ſcarce been bleſt with Rhime!
So great her Wit's Decay!
Not common Bays our Poet's Temples crown'd,
When *Hathornden* and *Sterling* were renown'd;
When *Aiton*, *Barclay*, *Scot*, and *Johnſton* ſhone;
When great *Montroſe*, and fam'd *Mackenzie*, liv'd;

When *Lauderdale*, like *Atlas*, ſtood alone;
And in *Pitcarn*'s bright Soul the Muſes thriv'd.
Now, *mungrel* Herds the holy Ground prophane,
And crop the Muſes ſacred Soil, in vain.
We think we ſoar, while others know we creep,
And wake our ſelves to make a Thouſand ſleep.
Small is our Strength, and low our Credit grows,
And, o'er the Land of Verſe, *Proſaick* Dullneſs flows.
'Tis true, that Virtue, ſullen and retir'd,
Oft ſhines alone, and ſhuns to be admir'd.
She, round her Merit, caſts a willing Shade,
And fears to be betray'd.
Hence not a Few, whoſe Souls are rais'd
Above the vulgar Throng,
Chuſe rather to remain, unprais'd,
Than prove their Pow'r in Song.

Thus

Thus *Graem* and *Murray* ſhun to pleaſe,
And *Scot* and *Bennet* ſanctify their Eaſe.
Thus *Robertſon*, with native Fires, may roam,
And *Boyd* and *Stevenſon* ſhine retir'd at Home.
But ſave us, gracious Heav'n, from thoſe,
Who verſify in Proſe.
Let no enquiring Strangers judge our Worth,
By what profeſs'd Poetick *Quacks* bring forth.

IX.

But great BUCHANAN's Heav'nly Song
Will hallow our *Parnaſſus* long,
And ſanctify, or ſcreen, the tuneful Throng.
Beneath his Umbrage, now a youthful Race
Riſes, obſervant of the Maſter's Pace.
Divinely fir'd, *Edina*'s Sons appear,
And all the Badges of their *Athens* wear,

By the kind Godhead's ſpecial Licence, fit
For the great *Cure* and *Miniſtry* of Wit.
Some Souls, compleat by Nature ſpring Divine,
Nor wait for Ordination from the Nine;
Like *Independants*, for no Forms they care,
And, in their Talent, their Credentials wear.
BUCHANAN thus, by happy Genius bleſt,
Diſdain'd to practice as the Muſe's *Prieſt*;
But boldly *Biſhop'd* it in Sacred Song,
And claim'd the Rev'rence of the wond'ring Throng.
Like his, my Sons, will your Meridian be!
The Dawn ſo bright, what mayn't we hope to ſee?
What is not due from Promiſe of your Youth?
North-Britiſh Muſes will outſoar the *South*.
O let no Energy you boaſt,
Like a conſuming Lamp, be loſt.

Keeping that fiery Pillar in your Eye,
Improve, appear, and be more bleſt than I.

X.

Thrice happy Muſes, who, by Fortune bleſt,
Need no Protection from th'*unjudging Great!*
But ſing for Pleaſure in a Calm of Reſt,
And ſhame the *Proverb* of the *Poet's Fate!*
If, from above, great God, my Genius came,
If I poſſeſs one Spark of heav'nly Flame,
If e'er a Verſe of mine had Luck to fit
Arbuthnot's Taſte, and *Malcom*'s Ear,
O keep me from the common Curſe of Wit,
And give me ſome convenient *Canaan* here.
Happy the Bard, who, for the Muſe's Sake,
From his dull Country driv'n,
In wiſer Lands can Refuge take
As Earneſt of a future Heav'n,

A Heav'n! where *Prieſtly Vengeance* never glows,
Nor dark Souls enter, all abſorpt in Proſe.
There Poets their ſad Funerals ſurvive,
And, in their better Part, are ſtill alive.
They, and they only, fill the Thrones above!
No other Souls can ſuit ſo well
The Poſts of Harmony and Love,
Whence Rebel-Angel Poets fell.
And, when all Vacancies ſhall be ſupply'd
With Bards elect, and next a-Kin
T'Angelick Forms, who ne'er their God defy'd,
The Gates of Heav'n, for ever ſhut, will take no (others in.

THE CHARMS *of* INDOLENCE.

DEDICATED TO

A certain Lazy PEER.

THY Charms, O ſacred *Indolence*, I ſing,
Droop, yawning Muſe, and moult thy ſleepy Wing.
Ye lolling Pow'rs, (if any Powers there be,
Who loll ſupine) to you I bend my Knee:
O'er my lean Labour, ſhed a vapoury Breath,
And clog my Numbers, with a Weight, like Death.

I feel th'arreſted Wheels of Meaning ſtand:
With Poppy ting'd, ſee! ſee! yon waving Wand,
MORPHEUS, I own the Influence of thy Reign;
A drowſy Sloth creeps, cold, thro' every Vein.
Furr'd, like the Muſes' Magiſtrate, I ſit,
And nod, ſuperiour, in a Dream of Wit.
Action expires, in Honour of my Lays,
And Mankind ſnores Encomiums to my Praiſe.

Hail, holy State of unalarm'd Repoſe!
Dear Source of honeſt, and ſubſtantial Proſe!
Thou bleſt Aſſylum of Man's wearied Race!
Nature's dumb Picture, with her ſolemn Face!
How ſhall my Pen, untir'd, thy Praiſe purſue?
O Woe of Living to have ought to do!

'Till the Almighty Fiat waken'd Life,
And wondering *Chaos* roſe in untry'd Strife;

'Till Atoms joſtled Atoms, in the Deep,
Nature lay careleſs, in eternal Sleep.
No whiſp'ring Hope, no murmuring Wiſh, poſſeſt
A Place, in all th'extended Realms of Reſt.
The Seeds of Being, undiſturb'd, remain'd,
And Indolence, thro' Space, unbounded, reign'd.
Thence, lordly Sloth, thy high Deſcent we trace!
The World's leſs ancient than thy reverend Race!
Antiquity's whole Boaſt is on thy Side,
That great Foundation of the modern Pride!
Thou wert grown old before the Birth of Man,
And reign'dſt before Formation's ſelf began.

From Thee Creation took its new-born Way,
When Infant Nature ſmil'd on opening Day.
Now, winking, weary of th'oppreſſive Light,
It longs to be re-huſh'd in lulling Night:

For

For each bold Starter from thy pow'rful Reign,
Returns, at Length, thy humble Slave again.
Oh! happy He, who, conſcious of thy Sweets,
Safe to thy circling Arms, betimes, retreats.
Rais'd on thy downy Carr, he ſhuns all Strife,
And lolls along the Thorny Roads of Life.
Indulgent Dreams his ſlumbering Senſes pleaſe,
And his numb'd Spirits ſhrink to central Eaſe.
Nor Paſſion's Conflicts his ſoft Peace infeſt,
Nor Danger rowzes his unliſtening Reſt.
Stretch'd in ſupine Content, afloat, he lies,
And drives down Time's ſlow Stream, with unfix'd (Eyes
Lethargic Influence bars th'Approach of Pain,
And Storms blow round him, and grow hoarſe, in (vain

Forgetfulneſs

Forgetfulneſs plays, balmy, round his Head,
And Halcyon Fogs hang, lambent, o'er his Bed.

O Sov'reign Sloth! to whom we Quiet owe,
Nature's kind Nurſe! ſoft Couch for weary Woe!
Safe in thy Arms, th'unbuſied Slumberer lies,
Lives without Pain, and, without Sighing, dies.
States riſe or fall, his Lot is ſtill the ſame,
For he's above Miſchance, who has no Aim.

How curs'd the Man, who ſtill is muſing found?
His Mill-Horſe Soul forms one eternal Round?
When wiſer Beaſts lie loſt, in needful Reſt,
He, Madman! wakes, to war on his own Breaſt.
Thoughts daſh on Thoughts, as Waves on Waves (increaſe,
And Storms, of his own raiſing, wreck his Peace.
Now, like ſwift Courſers, in the rapid Race,
His Spirits ſtrain for Speed—now, with ſlow Pace,

The

The ſinking Soul, tir'd out, ſcarce limps along,
Sullen, and ſick, with ſuch Extreams of Wrong.
What art thou, Life, if Care corrodes thy Span?
A gnawing Worm! a Boſom-Hell to Man!

If e'er diſtracting Buſineſs proves my Doom,
Thou, Indolence, to my Deliv'rance come.
Diſtil thy healing Balm, like ſoft'ning Oil,
And cure th'ignoble Malady of Toil.
Thou, beſt Phyſician! can'ſt the Sulphur find,
That dries this Itch of Action on the Mind.

Malice, and Luſt, voracious Birds of Prey,
That out-ſoar Reaſon, and our Wiſhes ſway;
Deſires' wild Seas, on which the wiſe are toſt,
By Pilot Indolence, are ſafely croſt.
Huſh'd in ſoft Reſt, they quiet Captives lie,
And, wanting Nouriſhment, grow faint and die.

By

By Thee, O ſacred Indolence, the Sons
Of honeſt LEVI, loll, like lazy Drones:
While tatter'd Hirelings drudge, in ſaying Pray'r,
Thou tak'ſt ſleek Doctors to thy downy Care.
Well doſt thou help, to form the double Chin,
Dilate the Paunch, and raiſe the reverend Mien.
By Thee, with ſtoln Diſcourſes they are pleas'd,
That we, with worſe, may not be dully teez'd:
A Happineſs! that Laymen ought to prize,
Who value Time, and wou'd be counted wiſe.

From Thee, innumerable Bleſſings flow!
What *Coffee-man* does not thy Virtues know?
Tobacconiſts and *News-mongers* revere
Thy lordly Influence, with religious Fear.
Chairs, *Coaches*, *Games*, the Glory of a Land,
Are all the Labours of thy lazy Hand.

Th'*Exciſe*,

Th' *Exciſe*, the *Treaſury*, ſtrengthen'd, by thy Aid,
Own thy great Uſe, and Energy, in Trade.
Who does not taſte the Pleaſures of thy Reign?
Princes, themſelves, are Servants in thy Train.

DIOGENES, thou venerable Shade?
Thou wert, by Indolence, immortal made.
Thee moſt I envy of all human Race!
Ev'n in a Tub, thou held'ſt thy native Grace!
Thy Soul out-ſoar'd the vulgar Flights of Life,
And look'd abroad, with Scorn, at Noiſe, and Strife.
To thy hoop'd Palace no bold Buſineſs preſs'd,
No Thought uſurp'd the Kingdom of thy Breaſt.
Thou to high-fated ALEXANDER's Face
Maintaind'ſt, that Eaſe was nobler far than Place.
Th'inſulted World before him bow'd the Knee:
Thou ſat'ſt unmov'd, more Conqueror than He.

Scarce,

Scarce, O ye Advocates, for Wit's wild Chaſe,
Can your long Heads be reconcil'd to Grace!
In drowſy Dulneſs, deep Devotion dwells,
But ſearchful Care contented Faith expels.
Did ever Indolence produce Deſpair,
Or, to raſh Wiſhes, prompt th'impatient Heir?
When Murmurings, and Rebellions, ſhake a State,
Does Love of Reſt, or Action, animate?
When did two Sleepers claſh in murd'rous War,
Or Love of Eaſe draw Wranglers to the Bar?
O'er Sea and Land, the World's wide Space ſurround,
Poize ev'ry Loſs, and probe each aking Wound,
Then ſay which moſt, or Buſineſs, or Repoſe,
Worries our Lives, and wakes us into Woes?
What firſt gave Talons to coercive Law?
Small Need to keep the Indolent in Awe!

Hatch'd

Hatch'd we our South-Sea Egg, by Want of Thought?
Are Jobbers airy Arts, in Slumber taught?
What State was ever bubbled out of Senſe,
By good, unfear'd, unmeaning, Indolence?
Weigh, and conſider, now, which Cauſe is beſt,
And, yawning, yield—There's Happineſs in Reſt.

O how I pity thoſe deluded Fools,
Who drudge their Days out in bewild'ring Schools!
Who, ſeeking Knowledge, with aſſiduous Strife,
Loſe their long Toil, and make a Hell of Life!
Graſping at Shadows, they but beat the Air,
And cloud the Spirits they attempt to clear.
Jargon of Tongues, perplexive Terms of Art,
And mazy Maxims, but benight the Heart.
No End, no Pauſe, of painful Search they know,
But, ſtill proceeding, aggrandize their Woe;

Their

Their Nakedneſs of Soul with Fig-Leaves hide,
And wrap their conſcious Shame in Veils of Pride.
Erring, they toil ſome ſhadowy Gleam to find,
And, wand'ring, feel their Way, ſublimely blind.
Learning in This, in That Scale, Doubt be laid,
And mark how Pomp is, by plain Truth, outweigh'd.
Hereafter then, ye poring Students, ceaſe,
Nor maze your Minds, nor break your Chain of Peace.
Make Truce with Leiſure for awhile, and view
What empty Nothings your Deſires purſue.
Remember ADAM's fatal Itch, to know,
Was the firſt bitter Spring of human Woe.
Think how preſumptuous 'tis for breathing Clay,
To tread Heav'n's winding Paths, and loſe its Way:
Think what ſhort Limits Underſtanding boaſts,
And ſhun th'Enticements of her ſhoaly Coaſts.

With SOLOMON, that prudent Sage! and *Me*;
From fruitleſs Labour ſet your Spirits free:
Bind up bold Thought, in Slumber's ſilky Chain,
Since all we act, and all we know, is vain.

THE

THE CUDGEL: AN Heroic POEM.

In Six Canto's.

Inſcrib'd to Sir Robert Montgomery, *Bart.*

CANTO I.

WAKE! Wake! my ſlumb'ring Muſe, and ſoar ſublime;
No vulgar Subject now demands thy Rhyme:

Empire and Arms, thoſe beaten Themes! diſdain,
And dare be Great in an unrival'd Strain!
CUDGEL! a Theme unſung by mortal Bard,
Whoſe Form, myſterious, claims no mean Regard,
Commands thy Flight, and, partial for thy ſake,
Will pay kind Criticks for the Pains they take.
O DENNIS! hoary Judge of meaſur'd Phraſe,
To my Theme's Weight inſpire my tow'ring Lays;
Breathe thro' my daring Breaſt the *Antients'* Flame,
And guide me, by thy Rule and Square, to Fame:
Scornful of trifling *Wits*, I knit my Brow,
And, ſerious, to thy ſolemn Grandeur bow;
Do thou my widening Thought, with Judgment, (ſtore,
And form a Piece original all o'er:
So ſhall POPE's raviſh'd *Locke* its Pride reſign,
And HILL's bright *Star* confeſs a brighter Shine;

CUDGEL,

CUDGEL, alone, ſhall be the Muſe's Care,
And I, even I! th' immortal Laurel wear.

I FEEL! I feel! my ſwelling Mind poſſeſt;
Not ſuch high Raptures heav'd the *Sybil*'s Breaſt,
When, trembling, near the ſacred Shrine ſhe trod,
Big with the Dictates of th' inſpiring God,
Vaſt Images are pictur'd on my Brain,
And Words are wanting, Notions to explain;
Thoughts crowd on Thoughts, as *Alps* on *Alps* ariſe,
And Worlds of Wonder open to my Eyes.

Mount! mount! wild Muſe, paſt Ages wide (ſurvey,
And draw down CUDGEL to th' incumbent Day;
Tell whence it ſprung, its antient Honours ſhow,
Bid wond'ring Nations its Importance know;
Know—and reflect how oft vaſt Virtues lie
Hid in plain Looks, and ſhun the proud Man's Eye;

So ſhall a wholeſome Moral crown my Tale,
And raiſe its Value, tho' it damns its Sale.

Puzzled in mazy Comments, here, I rove—
Facts, of high Conſequence, are hard to prove!
Ne'er, with more Warmth, was Subject toſs'd on (Earth,
Than *where* and *whence* our CUDGEL had its Birth.
Poets and *Churchmen*—Criticks in Diſpute—
On different Sides, *aſcertain* and confute;
The *Reverend*, zealous in the Cauſe of God,
Maintain it, once, was *Aaron*'s budding Rod,
By Miracle preſerv'd, a *Hebrew* Sign,
From which the Prieſthood draws its Right Divine;
Its Right of Power, our rebel Wills to ſway,
And *burn* the Unfaithful, who refuſe t'obey.
This—Virulent in Wit—the *Bards* deny,
And dare profanely write, that *Prieſts* can lye.

Jacob,

Jacob, they ſay, old *Laban* to outwit,
Streaking this Stick, the unwary *Patriarch* bit;
Since when our *Shepherds* us, poor *Flock!* betray—
(The *Father* of the *Faithful* taught the way!)
Some hold, who changeful Nature's Depths explore,
The Staff was perfect Man, in Days of Yore:
But as, according to a noted * *Sage*,
Things got new Beings, in a new-born Age,
Our Man, who ſome three thouſand Years lay dead,
Came forth a Staff, but with his old-world Head;
And Heaven this wooden Puniſhment aſſign'd,
For his dull Dryneſs, when of human Kind.

Clear Truth is ne'er, but on one ſide, diſcern'd,
Yet e'en its Shadow can confound the Learn'd;
Specious Pretences, oft, the Mind deceive,
And Readers know not what they ſhou'd believe.

* Pythagoras.

Let quoting Criticks various Judgments paſs,
And Volumes of Authorities amaſs:
By Revelation's Light, *we* ſteer our Courſe,
Nor feel, for differing from the Church, Remorſe;
To no *Pope*'s Bulls a blind Obedience pay,
But ſet Things right, the plain, *reforming*, way.

O †Knight, of noble Name! to whoſe due Praiſe,
My lab'ring Muſe, now, tunes her tow'ring Lays,
Pardon, if I ſuch Wonders not conceal,
But the dark Myſteries of thy Staff reveal:
Do thou, who beſt can'ſt vouch what I rehearſe,
Forgive, accept, and patronize, my Verſe.

In that ſweet Month, when genial Earth grows (warm,
And, bounteous, yields, for ev'ry Senſe, a Charm;
When ſmiling Nature ſhadows ev'ry Grove,
And ev'ry Meadow ſpreads a Couch for Love;
Calm

† *Sir* R. Montgomery.

Calm Night, on Care, her ſilent Balm had ſhed,
And, in ſoft Slumbers, lull'd the penſive Head;
With his fair Conſort, on his Bed, reclin'd,
Wakeful MONTGOMERY ſooth'd his careful Mind:
By ſlow Reflexion's Aid, recall'd the Day,
And, deep revolving its paſt Actions, lay.
" 'Tis ſtrange, he ſaid, dear Partner of my Thought,
" What laſting Ills a * few ſhort Months have (wrought!
" How are the Mighty fal'n? With what Surprize
" Is Gyant Credit ſunk to Pigmy Size?
" O Year! that, big in Hope, produc'd ſuch Ill,
" How will thy Wonders *Britiſh* Annals fill?
The Charmer ſigh'd, and, ſighing, ſtroak'd his Cheek:
" Comfort, abroad, you good Men vainly ſeek;
" Each new-born Day brings on ſome new Diſtreſs,
" And, but to *merit*, is to *miſs* Succeſs.
" Happy

* *The Bubbling Seaſon.*

" Happy the Man, who boaſts ſome inmate Charm,
" Whoſe Love can Fortune's angry Bolts diſarm!
" Tho' Stocks are low, and high-rais'd Hopes prove (vain,
" All Praiſe to Heaven! ſome ſolid Joys remain.
" 'Tis ours, at leaſt, to ſhare Domeſtic Bliſs —
" 'Tis ours—ſhe ſigh'd—and prov'd it with a Kiſs—
The *Knight*, inſpir'd, grew glad, and baniſh'd Care,
Sought Comfort near at hand—and found it There—
Chear'd by the Luſtre of her beamy Eyes,
He mark'd the Moon's pale Orb ſerenely riſe;
Soft, thro' the ſhiny Glaſs, with ſhadowy Gleam,
A trembling Radiance ſhot its ſilvery Stream;
And, 'twixt the incloſing Curtains, ſtruck the Place,
Where grim-ey'd CUDGEL ſpread its ſqualid Face:
Starting, the thoughtful *Baronet* look'd on,
And thus, beſpoke the Nymph, who near him ſhone:

" A

" A precious Jewel was, of late, reveal'd,
" Long, in the Head of an old Staff, conceal'd:
" Its humble Owner, of † *Plebeian* Name,
" At once, enrich'd, bids fair for Pride and Fame.
" What, then, have I to hope, wou'd Fortune ſmile,
" Of Race long noted! o'er this fruitful Iſle?
" Mark well — thou Angel-Guardian of my Side,
(With that He ſeiz'd, and drew the Curtain wide:)
" Mark well — that CUDGEL's moſt exotick Head,
" Its Cheeks enormous, in vaſt Convex, ſpread!
" Why ſhou'd this be, but to conceal within
" Some Gem — which, if we burſt its Brain, we win —
Smiling, the Charmer ſought his careful Breaſt,
And, breathing balmy, lull'd him into Reſt.

Scarce had Sleep's ſilken Fetters bound their Eyes,
When the rous'd CUDGEL, quivering with Surprize,

† *A Coffee-man near* Lincoln's-Inn *Fields*, Anno Dom. 1721.

Sadly

Sadly revolv'd the dreadful Words it heard,
And its near Fate, with riſing Morning, fear'd.
Slowly, with tottering Leaps, and aukward Aim,
To the Beds Foot the one-legg'd Mover came:
Sullen it ſtood, and looking, glary, round,
Thrice knock'd, with wooden Heel, the trembling (Ground.
Swift flew ten thouſand *Sylpheids* thro' the Air,
From the ſtrange Sight, to skreen their ſleeping Care:
Thick, round her lovely Eyes, in hovering Clings,
Swarming, they cloſe, and ſhade her with their Wings.
CUDGEL, mean while, made deſperate, by its Fear,
Up to the *Knight*, leap'd bold, and view'd him near,
Bow'd in ſtiff Gravity, and crackly Strain,
And three times knock'd his Lip, but knock'd in vain;
Starting, at length, he rais'd his drowſy Head,
And, Warrior, as he was, felt inward Dread.

" Good

" Good God! what horrid Thing is This? he cry'd.
" Be calm, the CUDGEL, ſoberly, reply'd—
" Break not this Angel Sleeper's ſoft Repoſe,
" But hear me, gently, my ſtrange Tale diſcloſe:
" Long-wanted Speech your Menace has provok'd,
" And Fear has, almoſt, my new Accents choak'd.
" Hard the tough Toil! for Tongues ſo dry as mine,
" To ſpeak like Man's, made glib by moiſtning (Wine
" Yet hear me—and be mov'd to Thoughts of Grace'
" Nor raſhly dare to ſpoil my Reverend Face.
" Tho' my Head ſwells with promiſſory Grin,
" There's no material Treaſure lodg'd within:
" Yet Wealth, more precious, you poſſeſs in me,
" Than the proud Wiſh of boaſted Alchymy!"
" In all the beſt Saints Names—reply'd the Knight—
" Spirit! or Witch! what art thou?—Ho! a Light!

" Huſh

" Hush, whisper'd CUDGEL, hear my Story out,
" And if it clear not every dark'ning Doubt,
" Slash me to Pieces—drive me out of Life—
" And mince my Chips with the huge Kitchen-
(Knife.
" But, Master, let not Courage sink to Fear,
" As from my Lips articulate Sounds you hear:
" In Days of Yore, as famous Authors sing,
" The Speech of Trees was thought no wond'rous
(Thing;
" Beasts, Birds, and Stones, on just Occasions, spoke:
" Did not sage BAALIM his poor *Ass* provoke?
" And can't I, ev'n amongst your human Kind,
" My Kindred-Heads, in countless Millions, find?"
It spoke — the *Knight* Attention gave — but
(what
The CUDGEL told him of its wond'rous Fate,

From

From Earth's firſt Forming, to King *GEORGE*'s (Reign,

Sing Muſe, and ſpare not, in detective Strain:

But here ſhort Reſpite let the Spirits take,

And, with freſh Vigour, to the Sequel wake.

The End of the Firſt CANTO.

Hiatus ad Finem uſque deflendus.

THE JUDGMENT OF *HERCULES.* A POEM.

THE
JUDGMENT
OF
HERCULES
A
POEM.

PREFACE.

I *Take the following Verſes of the ancient Poet* HESIOD, *to have been the Foundation, or Firſt Draught, of the famous* Herculean *Tablature.*

Τὴν μὲν γὰρ κακότητα καὶ ἱλαδὸν ἔστιν ἑλέσθαι
Ῥηϊδίως. λείη μὲν ὁδὸς, μάλα δ' ἐγγύθι ναίει·
Τῆς δ' ἀρετῆς ἱδρῶτα θεοὶ προπάροιθεν ἔθηκαν
Ἀθάνατοι. μακρὸς δὲ καὶ ὄρθιος οἶμος ἐπ' αὐτὴν,
Καὶ τρηχὺς τὸ πρῶτον· ἐπὴν δ' εἰς ἄκρον ἵκηται,
Ῥηϊδίη δ' ἤπειτα πέλει, χαλεπὴ περ ἐοῦσα.

But PRODICUS *is ſaid to have been the firſt, who made the Story, and told it for the Inſtruction of the* GREEKS. *This* Philoſopher *uſed to travel round the Country in a* Cart, *to put off his Precepts; as* THESPIS *did, when he founded the* Drama. *There was no* Pulpit *in thoſe Days. Teachers were itine-*

rant, a Sort of Apoſtles of their own ſending! who endeavoured more to better *Men, than to* take their Money! *Our* Mountebanks *ſeem to preſerve ſomething of the* Form, *how little ſoever of the* Power, *of this* Pagan *Goodneſs. I never ſee a* Quack-Doctor *haranguing the Mob from his humble* Stage, Chaiſe, *or* Aſs, *but I think of* PRODIGUS, THESPIS, HOMER, *and other ancient* Sages.

" Sic Canibus Catulos ſimiles, ſic Matribus Hædos
" Noram; ſic parvis componere Magna ſolebam."
Virg.

'Tis not material whether HERCULES *ever ſaw, heard, or dream'd of, the Goddeſſes here deſcribed; or whether the Whole is purely a Poetic Fiction; its Moral is the ſame, and equally inſtructive. This was the Opinion of one of the wiſeſt and beſt Heathens that ever liv'd; for* XENOPHON *tells us, the Divine* SOCRATES *was ſo fond of it, that he embelliſhed and recommended the Story to his* Athenian *Diſciples. And I have the Pleaſure to ſee it reviv'd, in a very elegant Manner, by the ingenious Hand of my good old Friend the* TATLER. *His* Penny-papers *ſome time ſupplied the Place of the ancient* Cart, *with great Honour: People bought the beſt Inſtruction and Entertainment, on eaſy Terms; and* BICKERSTAFF, *by the Help of* Printing, *was ſaved the Fatigue of travelling abroad in bad Weather.*

" Ne'er

" Ne'er may the SAGE a *Splendid Shilling* want;
" Nor ſigh for *Coach* or *Chariot*, *Chaiſe* or *Chair*,
" Or gentle *Pad*, to bear his *gouty* Limbs,
" Unhurt, as he LANGUNNOR Fields, in Queſt
" Of Air Untainted, traverſes ſedate,
" Health to regain! O may his uſeful Life
" Softly decay, and happily expire;
" Leaving behind, among lamenting Crowds,
" A *Name* and an *Example*, ever dear,
" And deathleſs as his *Lucubrations* fam'd!
" Him, ſhould the Fates permit me to ſurvive,
" To Song lugubrious ſhall my wretched Muſe
" Commit BRITANNIA'S Sorrows, and my own.

But not to inſiſt on this Subject (tho' 'tis hard to forbear expatiating on a Theme ſo beloved) I muſt own the Book I took the firſt Hint and Deſign of my Poem from, is Lord SHAFTESBURY'*s Hiſtorical Draught, or Tablature of the* Judgment *of* HERCULES, *printed in the third Volume of his* CHARACTERISTICKS. *That noble and excellent Writer has preſented us with an admirable Idea of the* Figures *repreſented in this Fable, Viſion, (or what you pleaſe to call it) of the* Ancients. *But, as his Lordſhip's Work is of more Uſe to a* Painter *than a* Poet, *I could only gather a few Embelliſhments for the deſcriptive Parts; and was left to my own Imagination and Invention in the* Dialogue *or* Contraſt,

wherein the main Buſineſs *or* Action *of the Poem conſiſts. I have endeavoured to fill the Mouths of the* Pleaders *with proper* Arguments; *I mean, the beſt I could think a* Pagan *would have uſed, on this Occaſion. And, as for the* Language *and* Verſification, *I own, I love an unaffected* Simplicity *and* Eaſe, *in both. Let ſome of our noted Bards defend, and delight in, forc'd Expreſſions, antique Phraſes, and ſonorous Rants, as much as they pleaſe — It ſhall be always my Way in Writing, to follow Nature; for I am of* PETRONIUS ARBITER's *Opinion,*

" Grandis Oratio non turgida,
" Sed naturali Pulchritudine exſurgit."

Every Man, who makes the Muſe *no more than his Miſtreſs, muſt think as I do, in this Regard. But, whatever be the Defects of this Performance, I ſhall ſtill preſerve the Pleaſure of thinking I meant well in the Undertaking. It was firſt deſign'd, and afterwards publiſh'd, for the Benefit of the* Britiſh *Youth. Some of them, who are, like my Hero, puzzled between* Virtue *and* Pleaſure, *may be determined to make a right Judgment and Choice, by the Force of Poetry. That there are many in ſuch Circumſtances is not to be queſtioned.* CICERO *ſays,* " Illud maxime ra-
" rum Genus eſt eorum, qui aut excellente ingenii
" magnitudine, aut præclara eruditione atque Doc-
" trina, aut utraque Re ornati, Spacium deliberandi
" habuerunt, quem potiſſimum vitæ Curſum ſequi
" vellent."

" vellent." *Such are in the faireſt Way to be proſelyted to* Virtue; *and the Muſe may gain the End, that* Prieſts *often purſue, in vain; for as old* HERBERT *has it,*

" A Verſe may find him, who a Sermon flies."

It is not to be expected, that the Converts of Virtue *ſhould, like* HERCULES, *go about with a* Club *in their Hands, and a* Lyon's *Skin on their Shoulders, to root out* Monſters, *and deſtroy* Tyrants: *But (as a great Author ſays)* Tho' a Man has not the Abilities to *diſtinguiſh* himſelf in the moſt ſhining Parts of a great Character, he has certainly the Capacity of being juſt, faithful, modeſt, and temperate. *Whoever becomes ſuch, is, in ſome Reſpects, an Hero. 'Twould crown my* Muſe, *to be told I had a Hand in making one. I would glory more in being the Occaſion of this* real Good to Society, *than in receiving, on the Score of* Poetry, *as much Applauſe, as ever the World beſtowed on* HOMER, MARO, *and* MILTON.

THE JUDGMENT OF HERCULES.

——— *Potiores*
Herculis *ærumnas credat, ſævoſque Labores,*
Et Venere, & Cœnis, & Pluma Sardanapali. Juv. Sat. 10.

THE Conflict youthful HERCULES endur'd,
While rival Charms his wavering Mind allur'd;
His great Self-Conqueſt, and Heroic Choice;
I, firſt, record in Numbers. Tune my Voice,
URANIA,

URANIA, when I ſing in *Virtue*'s Praiſe,
And conſecrate to Heav'n my Favourite Lays:
The noble Cauſe will ſanctify the Verſe,
And to the Great and Good commend what I rehearſe.

In early Times, ere *Fops* and *Beaus* were known,
Or *Vice* and *Folly* had acquir'd Renown;
When every brave, and every honeſt Mind
Employ'd its Care for Good to human Kind;
Young HERCULES (as ancient *Sages* ſhew.)
Some time, was dubious what He ought to do.
Labour and *Eaſe* He had already prov'd:
But neither yet, præ-eminently, lov'd.
Now *This*, now *That*, his various Fancy took,
And ſtill new Charms his Reſolution ſhook.
Reaſon and *Paſſion*, ſtruggling for the Sway,
Kept *Care* awake, and chas'd *Repoſe* away.

Deep

Deep in the Woods was a ſequeſter'd Grove,
(Fit Scene for *Meditation* and for *Love.*)
By heavenly *Solitude* and *Silence* bleſt!
Where, oft, the wearied HERO us'd to reſt;
And, oft, collected with religious Strife,
Muſe what ſhou'd be his future State of Life—
Whether 'twere beſt to make a ſettled Choice
Of painful *Labours*, or luxuriant *Joys.*

But, as He thus deliberating lay
Far in the Grove, where glimmer'd ſcarce the Day,
Two female *Figures*, on a Time, to View
Preſented, near the wondering HERO drew.
One mov'd majeſtic, with engaging Grace,
And natural Beauty dignify'd her Face;
With dauntleſs Mien aloft ſhe rear'd her Head,
And next to manly was the *Virgin*'s Tread;

Her

Her Perſon tall, and noble was her Air;
Modeſt her Eyes; and careleſs hung her Hair;
Her whole Behaviour, as her Raiment, chaſte;
Tho' ſerious were her Looks, ſhe made no forward (Haſte.
The *other*, in her Countenance diſplay'd
A florid Health, with artificial Aid;
Well was her Face with White and Red adorn'd;
And, as ſhe mov'd, ſhe ſhew'd how much ſhe ſcorn'd;
Her Mien and Geſtures all with Study wrought;
Each Look the Livery of laſcivious Thought!
What various Colours glorify'd her Dreſs,
The more her fair Complexion to expreſs?
How, on her ſelf, ſhe, firſt, her Glances caſt!
Then, on Beholders, for their Liking, laſt!
And, often, to her Shadow, turn'd her Head,
To ſee the mighty Figure that ſhe made!

Struck

Struck with Surprize the youthful HERO roſe,
And round him looſe a LION's Hide he throws;
While this gay VENUS near his Preſence came,
(Stepping, aſſur'd, before the baſhful *Dame.*)
And briskly, thus, with Eloquence and Art,
Prevents her Rival, and allures his Heart.

'Hail, Godlike Son of all-begetting JOVE,
'Deſign'd for *Greatneſs*, *Luxury*, and *Love*,
'My HERCULES! — But do I find you muſe
'What way of Life You chiefly ought to chuſe?
'Is it a *Queſtion*, whether to be bleſt,
'Or with a World of Miſery diſtreſt?
'Reſolve to follow *Me.* I'll lead you on
'To Scenes, where Sorrow never yet was known;
'Where you ſhall never be alarm'd again
'With ſawcy Noiſe, Diſquietude, and Pain.

'Nor

‘ Nor Peace, nor War, ſhall ever have the Pow'r
‘ To give my HERO's Mind Veyation more.
‘ Your whole Employment ſhall be laſting Eaſe,
‘ To gratify your Senſes, as you pleaſe.
‘ For ſumptuous Tables fill the Rooms of State,
‘ And Beds of Roſes your Arrival wait;
‘ Clouds of Perfumes will all around you riſe,
‘ And Crowds of Beauties kindle your Surprize;
‘ Conſorts of Muſick charm your Soul to Reſt,
‘ And all *Elyſium* ecſtaſy your Breaſt!
‘ Come, follow *Me*, my Way of Life embrace,
‘ And I will bring you to the Halcyon Place,
‘ This Region of Delight! this Heav'n of Joy!
‘ Which Care. and Pain, and Buſineſs ne'er annoy."

Amaz'd to view the ſtately *Form*; and charm'd
With what ſhe ſaid; young HERCULES, diſarm'd

Of

Of half his Reaſon, ask'd the *Lady*'s Name,
And almoſt prov'd to her Temptations tame.
'I'm *Happineſs*, ſhe anſwer'd. All, who know
'My Nature well, this Character beſtow:
'But Thoſe, who want to injure me, proclaim
'That *Pleaſure* only is my proper Name.
The other *Lady*, now arriv'd, addreſs'd
The youthful HERO, and her Plea expreſs'd
In different Manner, as of different Kind,
To win and hold the Conqueſt of a Mind.
'You are (ſhe ſaid) of Origin divine,
'And Proofs of that Deſcent already ſhine,
'O HERCULES, in your Behaviour, now,
'Within you does not Love to Virtue glow?
'Do you not daily proper Studies ply?
'And to be worthy ſuch Relation try?

'This

'This makes me hope your Conduct ſoon may claim,
'Both for your *Self* and *Me*, immortal Fame.
'But mark, young HERO, ere I court your Love,
'Or to my Fellowſhip your Fancy move,
'Mark well the plain and honeſt Things I ſay,
'And this eſtabliſh'd Truth maturely weigh,
'That nothing, truly valuable, can
'Be purchas'd without *Pain* and *Toil*, by Man.
'*Gratis*, the Gods no real Good beſtow;
'If you wou'd *reap* the Harveſt, you muſt *plow*.
'The *Deity*, to procure his Love adore,
'And make new Friendſhips, by obliging more.
'Firſt ſerve your *Country*, if you hope to ſhare
'Its Bleſſings, and the publick Honours wear.
'In *War* or *Peace*, as ever you'd excell,
'Study the noble Means to make you well.

'On

'On theſe Conditions only, I propoſe
'That Happineſs, which HEROES all have choſe.
HERCULES penſive and divided was,
And intereſted in the puzzling Cauſe;
Leaning upon his *Club*, He ſilent ſtood,
Nor cou'd diſtinguiſh the ſincereſt Good.
Mean while, the *Syren* plies his Heart again,
Nor labour'd to perplex it more, in vain.
'You ſee, my HERO, *Virtue* has confeſs'd
'That all her *Votaries* muſt be ſore diſtreſs'd,
'Before 'tis poſſible they can be bleſs'd.
'How long and difficult the Way *ſhe* moves!
'How ſhort and eaſy *mine* to Pleaſure proves!
'Be anxious Care and painful Drudgery far,
'And all the fickle Fate of boaſted War —
'My blooming Hero better Bliſs ſhall know,
'Ev'n all the Pleaſures *Pleaſure* can beſtow.

What

‘ What wou'd you more? While Youth and Vigour (laſt,
‘ Enjoy the Moments; for they fly too faſt.
‘ Seize the Occaſion wiſely, while you *may*;
‘ And all th'Arrears, ſo due to Nature, pay.
‘ Be various Pleaſure all your Soul's Employ,
‘ And every Senſe be loſt in every Joy.
‘ Alas! (ſaid *Virtue*, with a ſideling Glance,
Made up of Pity and Diſdain, at once.)
‘ What are the mighty Pleaſures you propoſe?
‘ Gilded Deſtruction, and delicious Woes!
‘ To eat, before an Appetite is rais'd,
‘ Or after craving Hunger is appeas'd;
‘ To drink, when not a-thirſt; to ſleep, untir'd;
‘ And hunt for Pleaſures Nature ne'er requir'd.
‘ Say, have you heard that moſt delightful Sound
‘ Of *Muſick*, Praiſe of Deeds with Glory crown'd?

'Praiſe of one's Self! — Or have your Eyes beheld
'An Object, that in beauteous Charms excel'd
'The Work of one's own Hands? — *Your* Train, (alas!
'Their Youth in Dreams of Bliſs miſtaken paſs,
'Unconſcious or unheeding, that Remorſe,
'Anguiſh and Torment, hoarded up of Courſe,
'Will follow on, to perſecute old Age,
'And blaſt Life's Evening with Deſpair and Rage.
'But, as for *Me*, by GODS and good Men lov'd,
'Good Men and GODS are both by *Me* approv'd.
'To *Artizans*, I an Aſſociate am,
'And Guardian *Parents* my Protection claim.
'The honeſt *Servant* has me for a Friend;
'He ſeeks my Sanction; I Aſſiſtance lend.
'In true and generous *Friendſhips* I've a Share,
'And virtuous *Lovers* are my ſpecial Care.

'Tis

'Tis true, my *Votaries* banquet not like *Yours*:
But then they keep their Faculties and Pow'rs.
Delicious, tho' not coſtly, are their Meals,
They eat and drink, as Appetite prevails.
Sound are their Slumbers, and their Wakings glad;
Their Minds not troubled, nor their Faces ſad.
The young Man, with Delight, his Praiſes hears
From the wiſe Lips of thoſe, who are in Years:
And Thoſe in Years, with honeſt Pleaſure, take
The Honours and Reſpect, which young Men make.
But not to hold a vain Diſpute with *You*,
My noble Followers, howſoever few,
By GODS are favour'd, to their *Country* dear,
And, after Life, immortal Honours wear.

Impatient, *Pleaſure* here renews her Plea,
Fearing her Rival had obtain'd the Sway;

While HERCULES, in penſive, ſilent Mood,
Still, with his Eyes to Earth projected, ſtood.

'What Words, what Arguments ſhall *Pleaſure* (chuſe?
'What Means, to hold her youthful HERO, uſe?
'Think, Son of JOVE, before it be too late,
'Think of *her* Followers' miſerable State,
'Who, ſeeking Glory with aſſiduous Strife,
'Are *diſregarded*, *ſcorn'd*, or *ſtarv'd*, in Life.
'Or, if they feel ſome ſecret, hidden Bliſs,
'How poor it is, which none, who want it, miſs!
'I grant, ſometimes, they're talk'd of after Death,
'After they've ſpent their Stock of painful Breath—
'But what's an airy Name? Precarious Joy!
'Shall HERCULES be bubbled with a Toy,
'Which, *living*, he can't graſp, nor, *dead*, enjoy.

‘ Preſent Poſſeſſion yields a ſolid Bliſs,
‘ And I, young HERO, can afford you *This.*
‘ If Birds, if Fiſhes, Beaſts, or Fruits, or Flow'rs,
‘ Fountains, or Gardens, Palaces, or Bow'rs,
‘ If Pictures, Turrets, Stones of any Kind,
‘ Silver, or Gold, delight your noble Mind, —
‘ Name but the Thing that *Pleaſure* can afford,
‘ Or have them all! of all the Sovereign Lord!
‘ Subſtantial are the Pleaſures I diſpenſe,
‘ All undiſguis'd, and ſuited to the Senſe.
‘ When This my Rival's *Votaries* have found,
‘ How oft with Gladneſs, have they left her Ground?
‘ Oft have her boaſted *Oracles* turn'd mute,
‘ And own'd my *Love*'s Dominion abſolute.
‘ For This, *Philoſophers* of higheſt Fame
‘ Make *Me* the Seat of *Happineſs* ſupream.

‘ To my ſweet Yoak the Haughty and the Proud,
‘ The Bold, the Braveſt, and the Beſt have bow'd.
‘ Both Men and GODS confeſs my boundleſs Sway,
‘ And with Delight my ſweet Commands obey.
‘ Or, if an Heart renounces my Decrees,
‘ My Darts and Stings can turn it as I pleaſe,
‘ But *This* is not a Motive to incline,
‘ To my Obedience, ſuch a Soul as thine:
‘ Not *Fear*, but *Love*, my Orator ſhall be,
‘ Thy Self the Judge of my Affairs and Me.
‘ And who by Nature fitter form'd to prove
‘ The Joys of loving, than the Son of JOVE?
‘ A thouſand *Nymphs* of every Sort and Size,
‘ With Beauties more than ever bleſt thy Eyes,
‘ Shall wait my Darling, in my charmful Court,
‘ And crown thy Joys with everlaſting Sport.

‘ Come,

'Come, my young HERO, and alive obtain
'The bleſt *Elyſium*, which the Poets feign;
'The whole Delights of Fountains, Bow'rs and Groves,
'Nectar, Ambroſia, and immortal Loves.
'Near thy ſoft Walks, which gentleſt Gales perfume,
'No Tempeſt, Storm, nor killing Dew ſhall come.
'Laurel and Myrtle, mingled with the Roſe
'And dropping Woodbine, Arbours ſhall compoſe.
'Ambitious Flow'rs ſhall crowd the ſacred Ground,
'To kiſs thy Feet, and court thy Eyes around.
'Come, let me lead thee to delicious Bliſs,
'Where nought annoys, and all you wiſh for is;
'The happy Goal, the Journey's utmoſt End,
'To which the ſweating World, and weary Nature tend.

She clos'd; and, careleſs on the Ground reclin'd,
By *Looks* and *Actions* ſtill bewitch'd his Mind;

And had prevail'd, if *Virtue*'s laſt Effort
Had not been us'd his Spirit to ſupport.

'O HERCULES (the honeſt Goddeſs ſaid)
'How weak is *Youth!* how needful *Reaſon*'s Aid!
'Thy *Agonies* I ſee, thy *yielding* fear;
'How great the Loſs to loſe a Soul ſo dear!
'Yet, O beware, and well my Dictates weigh;
'Yet turn thy Eyes, and mind what I'm to ſay;
'From *Me*, no Hurt, no Danger can proceed;
'How can my *artleſs* Arguments miſlead?
'Mine are not airy Bleſſings; and I try
'No Means ignoble for the Victory.
'And, ſure, young Man, if thou art from *Above*,
'No baſe, no ſordid Arguments can move.
'Is there a ſenſual Thing of any Kind,
'That can ſupply the Cravings of thy Mind?

'Wert

‘ Wert thou poſſeſs'd of all the Trifles nam'd,
‘ Maſter of more than ever Tongue proclaim'd,
‘ Say, Doſt thou think to be exempt from Care?
‘ Wou'd not that Inmate to thy Breaſt repair,
‘ And ravage all thy boaſted Pleaſure there?
‘ Or, with thoſe Gifts were ſome Delight enjoy'd,
‘ Wou'dſt thou not ſoon be ſatisfy'd and cloy'd?
‘ Condemn'd eternal Changes to purſue!
‘ Tir'd of the *Old*, and eager of the *New!*
‘ The *New* poſſeſs'd, and thy Deſires obtain'd,
‘ Wou'd one full Anſwer of thy Wants be gain'd?
‘ Wou'd no freſh Cravings thy Delights corrode,
‘ And make a *Mortal* of the fancied GOD?
‘ How ſoon the Tinſel-Rapture wou'd be loſt!
‘ The ſhort-liv'd Bliſs not worth the Pains it coſt!
‘ Beſides, young Man, what *Pleaſure* can beſtow,
‘ Is but a flatt'ring Sound, and ſpecious Show.

‘ See'ſt

'See'ſt thou not thro' the *Syren*'s ſubtle Ways?
'Think'ſt thou ſhe *means* the mighty Things ſhe ſays?
'Diſguis'd within, there lurks a Poiſon ſtill,
'That may thy *Intellectual* Beauties kill:
'Sloth, Avarice, and Luſt, may ſoon controul
'The noble Pow'rs of thy *Heroic* Soul.
'And ſoon, too ſoon, but with Repentance late,
'Thy Soul may mourn its miſerable State;
'Condemn'd eternal Pain to undergo,
'Riſing from ſad Variety of Woe.
'Theſe, and like Ills, a Life of Pleaſure wait;
'And She, who would enthrall thee, ſhews her Hate:
'Weigh well the Caſe; for *Virtue* tells thee true;
'And, following *Me*, no Danger can enſue.
'I'll give thee *Wiſdom* for thy conſtant Guide,
'*Honour* and *Glory* ſhall adorn thy Side,

'*Bravery*

‘ *Bravery* make greateſt Labours thy Delight,
‘ And *Patience* leſſen every Burden's Weight.
‘ Then what tho' various Difficulties riſe,
‘ Tho' dreadful *Dragons* ſhou'd my Son ſurprize,
‘ Arm'd and aſſiſted thus, He'll nothing fear,
‘ Acquire Renown, and keep a Conſcience clear.
‘ My faithful *Votaries* boaſt an inward Feaſt,
‘ A Satisfaction not to be expreſt!
‘ A Life of Pleaſure, bounded, but refin'd!
‘ A Bliſs adapted to th' immortal Mind!
‘ Nor are they barr'd from Pleaſures of the Senſe,
‘ Pleaſures within right Reaſon's ſacred Fence:
‘ Confinement is no Slavery, but their Choice;
‘ Lawful Reſtraint produces honeſt Joys.
‘ Wake then, and waſte not, in inglorious Eaſe,
‘ Thy noble Spirit, and thy happieſt Days.

‘ Prepare

‘ Prepare for *Arms*; and vindicate thy *Birth*,
‘ By quelling noxious *Monſters* of the Earth.
‘ How great to be a *Conqueror* below!
‘ And, after Life, a *Demi-God* to grow!
‘ Let *Fame* and *Glory* rouze thy youthful Blood,
‘ And rate no Joy like that of doing Good.
‘ That Part of Bliſs is leaſt, which Souls *receive*;
‘ The nobleſt Pleaſure ſprings from what they *give*.
‘ Not for *Themſelves alone* are HEROES born,
‘ But meant to benefit and to adorn
‘ The human Race, by Deeds deſerving Fame.
‘ *Society* puts in a righteous Claim.
‘ Each generous Deed, for Good of human Kind,
‘ Will yield freſh Joy and Vigour to thy Mind.
‘ Let certain Danger but appear in Sight,
‘ The Slaves of *Pleaſure* loſe their Courage quite:

‘ My

‘ My *Votaries* ſtronger by Reſiſtance grow,
‘ And their hid Virtues to Advantage ſhow.
‘ Then follow *Me*, your Origin aſſert,
‘ And every Godlike Quality exert.
‘ O'ercome your Paſſions, ſet your Mind at Reſt,
‘ Be but your *Self*; be *brave*, and then be *bleſt*.

The youthful HERO, now by *Reaſon* taught,
To *Virtue*'s Side apparently is wrought.
His Doubts diſpel'd, his Looks aſſur'd appear,
And Words, like theſe, his Soul's Reſolve declare.

‘ Hence, ſoftning *Pleaſure* and inglorious Eaſe—
‘ To *Virtue* ſacred be my future Days.
‘ Lead, honeſt *Goddeſs*, lead thy Servant on:
‘ Under thy Conduct what may not be done?
‘ Aided by *Thee*, all Dangers I'll defy,
‘ Deſerve to be a GOD, and then aſcend the Sky.

Pleaſure,

Pleasure, converted to a *Fury*, fled;
While *Virtue* by the Hand her HERO led,
Confirm'd his *Choice*, and fortify'd his Mind
To labour for the Good of human Kind.

JONAH,

JONAH,

A

POETICAL PARAPHRASE.

Inſcrib'd to the

Reverend Mr. *Iſaac Watts.*

TO

JONAH,

A

POETICAL PARAPHRASE.

Reverend Mr. Isaac Watts.

TO

To the Reverend

Mr. *ISAAC WATTS*,

Sir,

ONE reaſon of publiſhing this Poem, is, becauſe ſo few modern Authors employ their pens in divine compoſures; which, of all others, beſt deſerve to be attempted and read: And the only reaſon of this Dedication, is, to make a publick and thankful acknowledgment of your undeſerv'd reſpect to me, who, at vaſt diſtance, endeavour to imitate your Muſe.

I own, Sir, the prefixing of your name to any thing, I am capable to perform, can be no conſiderable compliment, nor a ſuitable expreſſion of my gratitude, to you: And, after having been ſo bold, as not to conſult you upon a thing, which your modeſty wou'd hardly have permitted, I ought to

account my ſelf very ſucceſsful, if (in conſideration of my having paſs'd over your excellent Qualities in profound ſilence) you are pleas'd to forgive the freedom I have taken, on this occaſion.

As I am extremely tender of giving diſtaſte to you, by a faſhionable repreſentation of your merits to your ſelf; ſo I will not impertinently deſcribe them to the world, that knows you ſo well. Your own Works praiſe you: and who has not read your works? While Poetry, ſacred to devotion, vertue, and friendſhip, is duely valued by men, Mr. WATTS' *Horæ Lyricæ*, and his other divine productions, will be favourite books.

As to my ſelf and this performance, I ſhall only ſay, that, whatever exceptions may be made againſt it by the criticks; if it contribute to the great ends of poetry, the advancement of true virtue, and the reformation of mankind; if it may raiſe an emulation amongſt our young poets to attempt divine compoſures, and help to wipe off the cenſure, which the numerous labours of the muſes are juſtly charg'd with; if it ſerve any of theſe purpoſes, I ſhall be ſatisfy'd, though I gain no reputation by it among thoſe, who read a new poem with no other view, than to paſs a judgment upon the abilities of the Author. If you, Sir, accept it, as a teſtimony of my ſincere reſpect, I ſhall eaſily endure the worſt, that can be ſaid of it, by another.

It might have been more profitable, had I, like my fellow-AUTHORS, addreſs'd ſome great, mony'd, man, in a fulſom panegyrick, at the head of my

my work: Yet, I am ſure, it wou'd not have been ſo honourable for me, who cou'd not, without breach of duty, inſcribe it to a different name; nor cou'd my poem have got ſuch a ſanction from a patron of leſs allowed skill, in the heavenly art.

May your God, whom you ſerve in the known character of a good chriſtian and a good poet, rebuke your tedious indiſpoſition of body, whereby the publick ſuffers ſo conſiderably: And may you long be preſerv'd for the common benefit of your country, till a brighter ſcene of tranſport and immortality is open'd.

I am,

with the greateſt Truth and Reſpect,

SIR,

Your moſt obliged,

and moſt obedient Servant,

JOSEPH MITCHELL.

JONAH,

A

POEM.

Nil Mortale loquor, Horat.

HOW Heav'n, provok'd, an awful
Look aſſumes,
And human kind to juſt Deſtruction
dooms;
What wreſts the Thunder from *Jehovah*'s hand,
And ſaves, from Ruin, a rebellious Land;

What reconciles the furious Winds to Peace,
And makes the Waves their fierce Contention ceaſe;
Sing, heav'nly Muſe, in thy religious Strains:
The Pleaſure will compenſate all the Pains.

" Eternal Spirit, favour the Deſign,
" Inſpire my Thoughts, and poliſh ev'ry Line.
" Where ſacred Precepts oft ſucceſsleſs prove,
" Examples, to Advantage ſhewn, may move.

In early Times, well known to publick Fame,
A City flouriſh'd, *Nineveh* by Name,
Firſt built, and peopl'd, by *Aſſyrian* Bands,
That ſpread their Conqueſts o'er the eaſtern Lands.
Armenian Tigris thro' her forc'd a Way,
With Stream majeſtick, to the *Perſian* Sea.
Walls high and broad were rear'd for her Defence,
Full fifty Miles in wide Circumference.

As

As Shrubs are loſt beneath the awful Shade
Of tow'ring Trees, ſhe rais'd her lofty Head
O'er neighbouring Towns; at home more rich, and (great!
Abroad more fam'd for Merchandiſe, and State!
But, ah, how baſely *Men* Dominion uſe,
And Providence's liberal Gifts abuſe?
What dire Effects from Eaſe and Plenty flow?
And to what Heights does Vice, unpuniſh'd, grow?
Luſt, Rapine, Blood, Idolatry, and Strife,
(The ſure Attendants of luxurious Life)
Like Floods, unbounded, pour'd their Forces in,
And *Nineveh* was delug'd o'er with Sin.
What foreign Foes cou'd not, by Force, obtain,
Thro' many a long, and hazardous, Campaign,
Was baſely yielded, by themſelves, in Peace,
As People grew effeminate by Eaſe.

Now, loſing Senſe of Honour, and of Fame,
They reign in Vice, and triumph in their Shame;
Like Brutes undiſciplin'd, licentious, rove,
And act whate'er their Fancies moſt approve.
Here, Adoration to the Stones is paid,
There, guilty Lovers in the Streets are laid.
Riot and Death in ev'ry Corner reign,
And the whole City turn'd a hideous Scene.
Now, nigh an End appears the Day of Grace,
And Judgment ripens to deſtroy the Place;
On Wings of Wind, the Miniſters of Wrath
Equip themſelves, to ſcatter gen'ral Death;
When ſoothing Mercy thus, for Patience, cry'd,
" Muſt *Nineveh* be then, at once, deſtroy'd?
" True, ſhe has ſinn'd, and merits dreadful Woe;
" But does Heav'n always treat its Creatures ſo?

" Thou

" Thou uſeſt not to puniſh all alike,
" And unrelenting, in thy Juſtice, ſtrike.
" With thoſe, that better Means have had, than they,
" Who blindly wander from thy righteous Way,
" Wilt thou deal kinder? Shall thy Mercy ſpare
" Ungrateful Rebels, and be wanting here?
" Perhaps, were they inſtructed in thy Law,
" They'd ſerve thee better, and ſtand more in Awe:
" Or, were they warn'd, before the Woe is ſent,
" They'd hear thy Voice, and, as they hear, repent.
" O let thy Goodneſs ſtill its Sway maintain,
" And prove the Glory of th'Almighty's Reign.
" May Mercy, with engaging Charms, arreſt
" Thy Hand, and thence the vengeful Thunder wreſt.
Th' Almighty hearken'd with a gracious Ear,
And had Regard to the prevailing Pray'r;

By

By it o'ercome, aſide his Wrath he laid,
And, full of Pity, threat'ning Angels ſtaid.
Then ſoon to *Jonah*, old *Amittai*'s Son,
In *Judah*'s Land, was God's Commiſſion known.
" Haſte, Prophet, haſte to *Nineveh* the great,
" And warn the People of approaching Fate;
" Tell 'em, from me, that, e're the Night and Day
" Twice twenty Times, by turns, aſſert their Sway,
" Their boaſted Numbers, to Deſtruction doom'd,
" Shall ſudden be, like *Sodom's* Sons, conſum'd;
" Unleſs, by ſpeedy Penitence and Pray'r,
" They gain Admittance to our gracious Ear.
The Prophet's Mind a ſudden Terror fill'd,
And, thro' his Veins, a trembling Horror thrill'd;
O'er all his Vitals dire Confuſion hung,
And falt'ring Accents die upon his Tongue.

His

His Limbs turn feeble, Hairs as Briſtles riſe,
Pale grows his Face, and Darkneſs ſtrikes his Eyes.
This Way and that he turns his thoughtful Mind,
Now loves, now ſlights, the Purpoſe he deſign'd.
Sometimes reſolves his Meſſage to perform;
Sometimes he dreads to plunge in ſuch a Storm.
Penſive in Doubt his Way-ward Mind remains,
Till ſlaviſh Fear the Government obtains.
The daſtard Paſſion drives him blindly on,
'Till Senſe of Shame and Gratitude was gone.
Now he, diſtracted, makes Attempt to fly,
And hide himſelf from the omniſcient Eye.
Vain Man! to think there was a diſtant Land
Beyond the Reach of an Almighty Hand:
Or he, who knows the inward Heart of Man,
Does weigh each Word, and ev'ry Action ſcan,

Cou'd

Cou'd not purſue the Sinner, where he goes,
And overtake him with avenging Woes.

In th' utmoſt Coaſts of *Judah* is a Scene,
Where *Taurus'* Cliffs o'erlook the ſpacious Main,
That *Dan*'s bleſs'd Off-ſpring, in their Portion, got,
When *Jacob*'s Race did *Canaan* ſhare by Lot.
Hither the flying Prophet came, and found,
Ev'n to his Wiſh, a Ship for *Cydnus* bound;
Diſtruſting Heav'n, ſought Safety from the Sea,
And hop'd to 'ſcape the dangerous *Nineveh*.

The Paſſage hir'd, the ſhouting Fellow-Train
Their Canvas ſpread, and launch into the Main.
Aſſiſted by a gentle Gale of Wind,
They skim the Deep, and hope the Port aſſign'd.

Then from his high *Empyreal* Abode,
In Storms and Tempeſts down *Jehovah* rode.

A dark

A dark Pavilion o'er the Deep he ſpread,
And, from the awful Gloom, he, threat'ning, ſaid.
" Does Rebel *Jonah* try t' elude my Sight,
" Or ward my Vengeance, by his ſpeedy Flight?
" Tho' from the Land, where I am known, he flies,
" Hopes he to ſculk from my omniſcient Eyes?
" And were he ſafely landed on the Shore,
" Cou'd *Tarſus* hide him from avenging Pow'r?
" But ſoon, as I confound the ſpacious Main,
" He'll know that Univerſal is my Reign.
He ſaid, and ſudden from their noiſy Cave,
Th' impriſon'd Winds, in haſty Tumult, rave.
Thunder and Lightning, with portentous Glare,
Inceſſant flaſh, and grumble thro' the Air.
Dread Hurricanes, and raging Tempeſts, riſe,
Embroil the Deep, and daſh the diſtant Skies.

A Gloom of Clouds the Face of Day o'er-ſpreads,
And wild Confuſion fills the oozy Beds.
Now *Alps* of Water bears the Veſſel high;
Then, buried in th'Abyſs, ſhe ſeems to lye.
The Sails are torn, the Ropes aſunder break,
The Sides are bruis'd, and ſlipp'ry is the Deck.
A ghaſtly Paleneſs, in each Face appears,
And Death, portended, aggravates their Fears.
To their deaf Gods the Sailors turn their Eyes,
And tell their Caſe, in diſregarded Cries.
Some, on their Knees, old *Ocean's* Grace implore,
And, to appeaſe him, ſacrifice their Store.
To *Leda's* Sons ſome tell their mournful Tale,
And ſome with *Jove* endeavour to prevail.
Like *Baalam's* Prieſts, they cry aloud, in vain:
No fancy'd God, or knew, or cur'd, their Pain.

Relentleſs

Relentleſs Juſtice heightens ſtill the Storm,
And Ruin ſtares, in ev'ry frightful Form.
But *Jonah*, harden'd in his dire Offence,
And thoughtleſs of the Turn of Providence;
Howe'er the Cauſe of all the threat'ning Woe,
Retir'd alone, and hid himſelf below.
Aſleep, or ſtun'd, no Dangers cou'd awake
His ſenſeleſs Mind, 'till thus the Pilot ſpake;
" Thou Sluggard, who, amidſt our common Woes,
" Can'ſt thus, unmov'd, thy ſelf to Death expoſe;
" What art thou? Where are all thy Senſes gone?
" Ha'ſt thou no God? Or know'ſt thou there is one?
" Shake off thy Slumber, and devoutly ſue
" For Common Safety to thy ſelf, and Crew.
" Perhaps thy Guardian, for thy Sake, may ſend
" Relief to thee that may us all befriend.

Thus

Thus he moſt ſluggiſh was, who moſt had ſinn'd,
And thus a Heathen rouz'd a Prophet's Mind!

Mean while the Sailors hold a hot Debate
About the Cauſe of their impending Fate.
One reckons Murder is the fatal Spring;
Another Treaſon 'gainſt the State, or King.
But all agreed ſome impious Wretch was there,
On whoſe Account, the Gods were ſo ſevere:
And all reſolv'd to find him out, by Lot,
Whoe'er he was, or whatſoe'er his Fault.

Now, one by one, their trembling Hands advance!
Each was afraid the Lot ſhou'd prove his Chance.
Each looks with Terror on his Actions paſt,
And, at the Thoughts of dying, ſtands aghaſt.
Each thought the Tempeſt for his Crimes was ſent;
And all look'd pale about the dire Event.

Vain were their Fears; for *Jonah* was to come,
Jonah! the Cauſe, the Subject, of the Doom.
The trembling Wretch, no ſooner ſhook the Urn,
Than all their Eyes on him, the guilty, turn.
All, curious, preſs to learn from whence he came,
What his Condition was, and what his Name.
Conſcious of Ill, he feels an inward Smart,
And ſad Diſtraction rages in his Heart.
His outward Form declares his ſecret Pain;
For Looks, the Language of the Soul explain.
How eaſy 'tis for Men to murder Fame!
But who can ſtifle his own Senſe of Shame?
The Wretch, that to an abject State is thrown,
Than Mankind's Favour, loſes more his own.
There is a Judge in ev'ry human Breaſt,
The Source of conſtant Trouble, or of Reſt.

This Inmate Friend, or Foe, will ſtill prevail,
And overtake the Sinner under Sail:
Swifter than Wind, it flies where'er he goes,
And bears along a Train of cutting Woes.
No Crime ſo ſecret, but it ponders well,
And reprehends with an interior Hell.
This Gueſt, unſeen, now dreadfully appears,
To hollow Rebel thro' the Prophet's Ears.
Prompted by it, he frank Confeſſion made,
And, after Silence was commanded, ſaid;
" 'Twou'd be in vain for me, with ſly Deceit,
" To plead not-guilty, and my Cauſe debate.
" He, whom the jarring Elements obey,
" Who governs all Things with deſpotick Sway,
" To whom all Nature's open at a View,
" Wou'd ſoon my Crime, as now he does, purſue:

" Favour'd

" Favour'd as others of that choſen Race,
" The Seed of *Jacob*, Objects of his Grace,
" My Lot was caſt in *Judah*'s pleaſant Land,
" Where joyn'd I was to a diſtinguiſh'd Band,
" That knows God's Mind, and bears his high Command.

" Long I had dwelt in *Sion*'s holy Hill,
" And propheſy'd to Men my Maſter's Will,
" When, by Commiſſion, I was charg'd to go,
" And warn th' *Aſſyrians* of approaching Woe.
" Yet, much diſtruſting providential Care,
" I rather chuſe to fly, than periſh there.

" Unthinking Wretch! to diſobey my God,
" Since ſad Deſtruction waits his awful Nod;
" And they, that ſin againſt the cleareſt Light,
" Provoke him moſt t' exert his vengeful Might.

" Now, here I ſtand an Object of his Wrath,
" And, for my Sake, you're all expos'd to Death.
" Ye charge the Horrours of the Deep in vain,
" And, to deaf Idol Deities, complain.
" His Word, that turn'd theſe wat'ry Worlds to (Flame,
" That Flame to Tempeſt, can alone the Tempeſt tame.

The Sailors now, with this Account, amaz'd,
All trembling ſtood, and on each other gaz'd.
A deadly Cold ran ſhiv'ring to their Hearts,
Thrill'd in their Veins, and froze their inward Parts.
All, for the Prophet, utmoſt Pity ſhow'd,
And, as they cou'd, the ſinking Veſſel row'd.
But Winds rage furious, ſwelling Billows roar,
Clouds claſh with Clouds, and Lightnings play the (more.
All Nature wore Confuſion in her Face,
And ſeem'd as joſtled from her proper Place.

The

The Luminaries of the Heav'ns were pent,
And Sheets of curling Smoke involv'd the Firmament.
So, when the grim Inhabitants of Hell,
From Realms of Light, for Diſobedience, fell,
Nothing was heard around the dreary Coaſts,
But ſullen Moans and Cries of tortur'd Ghoſts:
And nought was ſeen, but Gleams of ſulph'rous Light,
Which join'd the Gloom, and made more dreadful (Night.

Now Hopes were loſt, and all Eſſays thought vain,
To *Jonah* thus the Sailors turn again.

" Since by thy Fault (as thou did'ſt now confeſs)
" We labour, helpleſs, in this dire Diſtreſs,
" Tell, if thou know'ſt thy pow'rful Deity's Will,
" How we may beſt the raging Tempeſt ſtill;
" What Means are needful, to appeaſe his Wrath,
" And ſave our ſelves, if poſſible, from Death.

The Prophet, trembling, made 'em this Reply;

" T'atone for Guilt, the guilty Soul muſt die.

" For me alone hath happ'ned all this Woe;

" The Storm is mine, not your avenging Foe.

" Make Haſte to plunge me, in the ſwelling Deep,

" And all your Cares, and all the Winds, ſhall ſleep.

" Soon as the Ship of ſuch a Weight is eas'd,

" A Calm ſhall ſpread, and Juſtice be appeas'd.

Again, the pitying Sailors ply'd their Oars,
With Skill and Strength, to reach the *Tarſian* Shores,
But ceas'd, at length, t'employ a fruitleſs Care,
And thus to Heav'n addreſs'd their pious Pray'r.

" O pow'rful Being! of all Gods the beſt!

" Regard, we pray, regard our ſad Requeſt.

" Thou know'ſt, we thirſt not for thy Servant's Life,

" Nor are we prompted by revengeful Strife;

" We

" We covet not the Riches he enjoys,
" Nor is his Death our Pleaſure, but his Choice.
" Thee, by his Crimes, he has enrag'd; and now
" Thy Juſtice threatens to inflict the Blow.
" We Inſtruments are only in thy Hand,
" To execute what Juſtice does demand.
" Then, from the Guilt of Blood, thy Suppliants ſave,
" Nor Satisfaction, in thy Fury, crave.

With ſtrange Reluctance, the obedient Crew
Into the Deep the Rebel *Jonah* threw.
Down he deſcends; and o'er his deſtin'd Head
The Waters cloſe—he's number'd with the Dead.
But, as he ſinks, the Winds retire apace,
No more the Billows ruffle *Ocean*'s Face;
The Clouds diſperſe, the Air appears ſerene,
And ſacred Silence reigns o'er all the Main.

So at the Dawning of our new made World,
When jarring Elements apart were hurl'd,
Rude *Chaos* from his old Dominion fled,
And peaceful Order round its Influence ſpread.

Now, ſtruck with Wonder, all the Sailors raiſe
Their grateful Voices to th'Almighty's Praiſe,
Are taught with humble Reverence to view
His wond'rous Work, and to his Wiſdom bow.
No more they vainly pious Tribute bring
To their falſe Gods, but to th'eternal King.
Him they adore, and beg his friendly Hand,
To guide 'em ſafe to the long wiſh'd for Land.

What ſudden Change! The Sea is all ſerene,
And Gladneſs in each Countenance is ſeen.
All ſeize their Oars, and, with elated Minds,
To urge their Haſte, invite the willing Winds.

The willing Winds the ſpreading Sail ſupply,
While from each Side the yielding Waters fly;
Upon the Tide the wanton *Dolphins* play;
And fair in Sight appears the *Tarſian* Bay.

But *Jonah*, whom, of late, no Ship cou'd ſave,
By Care divine, reſts in a living Grave.
With ardent Soul to Heav'n for Help he pray'd,
And Heav'n, in Pity, ſent him ſpeedy Aid.
The Word was giv'n, and ſoon the ſcaly Herd
Forgot their Hunger, and the Prey rever'd.
Proud to attend the Stranger, all draw near,
'Till their huge King, Leviathan, appear,
That, as a Mountain of enormous Size,
Confounds the Deep, and laves the diſtant Skies,
O'er finny Shoals maintains deſpotick Reign,
And rolls, in State, thro' the capacious Main.

As yawns an Earth-quake, he, at God's Command,
Strange to relate! does his large Jaws expand,
Diſcloſe the hideous Cavern of his Womb,
And there, alive, the trembling Seer entomb.
Now, ſafe within the monſtrous Whale he lies,
And all the Force of Winds, and Waves, defies.
Where Light ne'er enter'd, now he draws his Breath,
And glides ſerene thro' liquid Paths of Death.
Yet, whilſt our Prophet is in Priſon hurl'd
Thro' all the Lab'rinths of the wat'ry World,
By pow'rful Faith, he overcomes Deſpair,
And, as from Hell, puts up this pious Pray'r;
" To thee, my God, enthron'd above the Sky,
" From diſmal Caverns of the Deep I cry.
" No Floods, no Billows can controul my Mind:
" The Thoughts of Man are ever unconfin'd
" Unwearied,

" Unwearied, as the active Flames, they move, "
" And wander thro' the diſtant Realms above, "
" For me, amidſt the Horrours of my Caſe, "
" I'll hope for Mercy, and implore thy Grace. "
" While thou can'ſt pardon, tho' thou look'ſt ſevere,
" There's Place for Sinner's Hope, as well as Fear. "
" Tho' here expell'd, and baniſh'd from thy Sight,
" By Faith, in my Salvation I'll delight.
" Why ſhou'd I, helpleſs, in my Ship-wreck, mourn,
" Since Faith a Judge can to a Saviour turn?
" Tho' Darkneſs round me all her Terrors ſpread,
" The dreadful Billows bellow o'er my Head,
" And I'm confin'd in Caverns of the Main,
" Amidſt my Woes, I'll Faith and Hope maintain.
" Thou, who can'ſt ſhake the Center, can'ſt controul
" The Rebel Pow'rs of my tumultuous Soul,

" Reſtrain

" Reſtrain the wild Diſorder of my Blood,
" And ſave me from the Dangers of the Flood.
" More readily we cannot Mercy plead
" In our Diſtreſs, than thou vouchſaf'ſt thine Aid.
" Soon as I, ſinking in the Waters, cry'd,
" Thy great Command o'er-rul'd the booming Tide,
" And ſent this huge Leviathan, in Haſte,
" To ſave my Life, e're Remedy was paſt.
" Coud'ſt thou, when ſuch a guilty Wretch did crave,
" A Miracle perform, his Life to ſave?
" And ſhall I fear thou wilt not find a Way,
" To ſhew me yet the pleaſant Light of Day?
" No: thou wilt back an humble Captive bring,
" And make thy Prophet, in Thy Temple, ſing.
" I'll truſt thy Mercy, whoſe Almighty Arm
" Has Pow'r to reſcue me from ev'ry Harm.

" The

" The Time will come, when I, for my Releaſe, "
" Shall bleſs my God, with Offerings of Peace, "
" When freed from all the Fetters that ſurround
" And hold me here, as in cloſe Priſon, bound,
" I ſhall again to Men, thy Mind reveal,
" And of thy Pow'r, thy Love, and Goodneſs, tell.
" It ſhall be ſaid, thy Arm Deliv'rance wrought,
" And, from th'Abyſs, an humble Suppliant brought.
" Ye blinded Zealots, who in Error ſtray,
" And to deaf Gods your ſenſeleſs homage pay,
" Your Vanities with fiery Zeal purſue;
" Whil'ſt I before th'Eternal's Footſtool bow:
" He ſcorns the Gifts of Riches, and of Art,
" And loves the off'rings of an upright Heart.
" Oh! may I never tempt him, as before,
" But always grateful, as I ſhou'd, adore;

" By

" By Lip, and Life, his glorious Praiſes ſound,
" And ſpread the Story of his Mercies round.

The Prophet's Suit, with Faith and Fervour join'd,
Soon reach'd his Throne, and ſooth'd th'Almighty's (Mind.
From deepeſt Dungeons Pray'r can wing its Flight,
And, uncontroul'd, invade the Realms of Light.
As Sun-beams fierce, it ſcales Heav'ns lofty Walls,
And the high Portals open, when it calls.
Its Pow'r cou'd ſtop the Chariot of the Sun,
And, to the Fleſh, bring back the Spirit gone.

Now, thro' th'Abyſs the reſtleſs Monſter roam'd,
And, flound'ring high, anew the Billows foam'd.
In Spite of Nature's ſtrong and common Laws,
He's forced to expand his wide-devouring Jaws,
And vomit forth, at the Divine Command,
Unhurt, the wond'ring Prophet on the Land.

Thrice

Thrice had the Sun his daily Race renew'd,
E'er *Jonah*, ſafe, his Fellow Creatures view'd.
A Type of that far greater Bliſs to come,
When Man's Redeemer, buried in a Tomb,
Shou'd ride victorious o'er infernal Pow'rs,
Lead Captive Death, and break his Priſon Doors!

What can't th'Almighty Pow'r of God perform?
His Word can raiſe, and ſudden calm a Storm.
The Elements from nat'ral Jarrs he keeps,
And makes unfrozen Billows ſtand in Heaps.
The dreadful Monſters, that infeſt the Main,
Are all obſequious Subjects of his Reign.
His Word can fruſtrate Hell's pernicious Ends,
And, out of cruel Foes, make kind protecting Friends.

Wet on the Shore the wond'ring *Jonah* lay,
When ſoon from Heav'n a Voice forbade his Stay;

" Haſte,

" Haſte, Prophet, haſte to *Nineveh* the great,
" And warn the People of impending Fate;
" Let thy Experience teach, that, 'twould be vain
" For thee, unpuniſh'd, to make Shift again.

Now *Jonah*, fearing God's Diſpleaſure more
Than he had done the Wrath of Men before,
To *Nineveh* directs his ſpeedy Pace,
Nor ſtop'd, 'till he had reach'd th'appointed Place,
A Place ſo ſpacious, that the circling Sun,
E're it was travel'd round, might thrice his Journey (run.

Aurora now had juſt begun to gild
The bluſhing Skies, and animate the Field,
When *Jonah* enters at the opening Gates,
Nor for a crowded Auditory waits;
But, breaking Silence, boldly thus begins
To threaten Judgments for their crying Sins.

" Attend,

" Attend, ye deſtin'd Citizens, and hear
" The dreadful Meſſage I, a Prophet, bear.
" To you I'm ſent by the ſupreme Command,
" Of him, whoſe Scepter governs Sea and Land;
" Whoſe ſteddy Ballance does the Mountains ſway,
" Whoſe reign the wild and barbarous Beaſts obey;
" Around whoſe Throne, array'd in heavenly State,
" Myriads of Angels for their Orders wait,
" In flaming Fire, as on the Wings of Wind,
" To puniſh all that with Preſumption ſinn'd.
" Thus, o'er *Gomorrah*, ripe for weighty Wrath,
" At one dread Nod, he ſpread a gen'ral death.
" And now, e're yonder Globe of radiant Light
" Twice twenty Times diſpel the Shades of Night,
" Great *Nineveh*, whoſe Crimes for Vengeance cry,
" In ruinous Heaps, *Gomorrah* like, ſhall lie.

" Impartial Juſtice, with a Hand ſevere,
" No Age, no Sex, no Quality will ſpare.
" Riches and Pow'r ſhall prove a weak Defence
" Againſt the Bolts of God's Omnipotence.

As boldly thus the Prophet cry'd aloud,
The Streets turn'd frequent by the liſt'ning crowd.
All Sorts of People preſs, his Words to hear,
And, conſcious of their Guilt, the threatned Ven-
(geance fear.

But who the Pain the deſtin'd Wretches feel,
Without a Sorrow, like their own, can tell?
Uproar and Noiſe the populous City fill'd,
And, thro' all Veins, a trembling horrour thrill'd.
Some rave with Madneſs, and confirm'd Deſpair,
Beat their ſwoln Breaſts, and tear their tatter'd Hair;
Whilſt others draw, in ſtill-born Sounds, their Breath,
And ſhiver at the fearful Thoughts of Death.

All,

All, earneſt, turn to Heav'n their melting Eyes,
And plead for Mercy with accented cries.
Diſtinctions vaniſh in the common Woe:
All have deſerv'd, and ſtrive to ward, the Blow.
The King himſelf, the Monarch of the Eaſt,
Of higheſt Pomp and Luxury poſſeſt,
Whoſe conquering Arms, to diſtant Nations ſpread,
Make Princes ſlaves, and fill the World with Dread;
Soon as the fatal Tidings reach'd his Ears,
Begins to think, and ſtoops to humble Fears,
No more his gilded Royalty diſplays,
But, clad in Sack-cloth, moſt devoutly prays.
Low on the Ground he, proſtrate, made his Bed,
Conven'd his Council, and, with haſte, decreed,
" That all his People inſtantly ſhou'd bend
" Before th' Almighty, and their Lives amend,

" No more, in Ways of Error, looſely rove,
" But Converts to the Rules of Virtue prove;
" Inſtead of Mirth, with a ſincere Deſign,
" Make publick Vows t'attone the Wrath divine;
" For many Days, nor Man, nor Beaſt, ſhou'd taſte
" Their common Fare, but keep a ſolemn Faſt;
" The coſtly Robes to Rags of Sack-cloth turn,
" And know no Pleaſure, but repent and mourn;
" That Heav'n, perhaps, might ſhew a gentle Face,
" And Juſtice yield to Mercy's milder Grace.

Now *Nineveh* another Scene appears,
Where Laughter reign'd, behold a flood of Tears!
Afflicted all, with penal Sack-cloth clad,
In Aſhes, proſtrate on the Ground, were laid.
The ſtubborn Minds, that never bow'd before,
With earneſt Vows th' Almighty's Grace implore.

They

They change their Thoughts, their crooked Ways (amend,
And humbly ſtrive to make their Judge their Friend;
Puſh the laſt Effort, to revoke their Doom,
And ſtop the Judgments, now foretold, to come.
The News of Danger, haughty Sinners ſhake,
And, at the Sight of Death, the ſtubborn Atheiſts (quake.
Mean while the Prophet leaves the humbl'd Town,
And waits that God ſhou'd pour his Vengeance down.
Alone he wanders, muſing, in the Fields,
And, on a Hill, a ſimple Lodging builds.
Impatient, oft he turns his gazing Eyes
To *Nineveh*, the hideous Scene of Vice.
Sometimes he looks for Ruin from the Winds;
Sometimes from Angels, (thoſe celeſtial Minds,
That round the Throne of the Eternal wait,
To bear Salvation, or vindictive Fate.)

But vain his anxious Hopes! to ſee the Doom,
That he had threat'ned very ſoon wou'd come;
For now the Cries of *Nineveh* for Peace,
Prevail with Heav'n, and gain *Jehovah*'s Grace.
Mercy, ſcarce govern'd by eternal Laws,
Exerts its Force, and triumphs in their Cauſe.
So ſweet its Air, ſo melting are its Charms,
It oft with eaſe Omnipotence diſarms,
Changes his Thoughts, his angry Brow unbends,
And, of a Foe, can make the beſt of Friends.
The Prophet, as affronted, inly mourn'd,
His Eyes with Fire, his Breaſt with Fury burn'd.
Honour, a Bubble which he vainly ſought,
He fear'd wou'd break, and he be ſet at nought.
What art thou, Fame, by Mortals thus deſir'd?
With hopes of Thee, all human Minds are fir'd.

Tho'

Tho' few can be ſo miſerably blind,
As not to ſee Thee made of empty Wind.
Like an enchanted Palace in the Air,
Thou mock'ſt our Graſp, and fruſtrat'ſt all our Care.
In vain we ſtrive, whilſt Envy has her Stings,
To hold Thee faſt, and ſoar upon thy Wings.
Yet were we of thy chiefeſt Joys poſſeſt,
What further Pleaſure cou'd inſpire our Breaſt?
What Benefit wou'd from the Bubble grow,
When in the Urn, unconſcious, laid below?
The Prophet's Mind, now diſcompos'd by Care,
Was thus to Heav'n expreſs'd in haſty Pray'r.
" Had I not reaſon from thy Face to fly,
" And chuſe, than be affronted thus, to die?
" Did I not know thou woud'ſt too ſoon repent,
" And I ſhou'd be a lying Prophet, ſent?

" I knew my Errand would at length prove vain,
" And, I return with dire Diſgrace again.
" Mercy with Thee's an Attribute belov'd,
" By which ev'n Fate unchangeable is mov'd.
" Now ſince, as formerly I fear'd, my Fame
" Is, by this Mercy, daſh'd with endleſs Shame,
" What profits Life? O let me rather die,
" Than live on Earth, and ſuffer Infamy.
" Take from me, take this hated Life away:
" Death is the Debt that I'm prepar'd to pay.

Th' Almighty heard, and thus with Voice of Peace
To *Jonah* ſpake, and reaſon'd on his Caſe.

" 'Tis true, my Prophet, *Nineveh* has ſinn'd,
" And Judgments, as thou threatned'ſt, were deſign'd.
" But, at thy Warning, all the People turn'd,
" And, low in Sack-cloth, their Condition mourn'd;

" The

" The Conduct of my Providence ador'd,
" And Mercy, with their earneſt *V*ows, implor'd.
" Do'ſt thou then well to chide my ſov'reign Grace,
" And grudge the Good of a repenting Place?
" Do'ſt thou in Miſchief take a dear Delight?
" Have I done Wrong, and art thou in the Right?
" Can Anger help thee? better 'tis to fear,
" And learn my Diſpenſations to revere.

This ſpoke, to ſooth the gloomy Prophet's mind,
And prove a Shelter from the Sun and Wind,
He gave command, and ſudden, round his Head,
A verdant Gourd her ſhadowing Honours ſpread.
The Prophet, pleas'd, improv'd the Sent Relief,
Nor, whilſt it laſted, more expreſs'd his Grief.
Secure beneath the fragrant Fruit he ſate,
To ſee the Tow'rs of *Ninus* bow to Fate.

But

But at th' approach of next returning Day,
The Plant that ſudden ſprung, as ſudden dy'd away.

Now eaſtern Winds with bluſt'ring Fury riſe,
Vex all the Air, and agitate the Skies,
The ſcorching Sun-beams play on *Jonah*'s Head,
Exhauſt his Blood, and lay him almoſt dead.
Fainting, he ſtretch'd his Body on the Ground,
And ſpoke his Sorrows in a broken Sound.
Weary of Life, he wiſh'd it had an end,
And begg'd that God would Death immediate ſend.

Again th' Almighty — does my Servant well,
" With Rage, for loſing of the Gourd, to ſwell?
The haſty Prophet, thoughtleſs, made reply;
" Thou know'ſt I'm angry, and I wiſh to die.
" Have I not cauſe, when Life a burden grows,
" To wiſh for Death, to finiſh all my Woes?

" Who

" Who cou'd ſuch Treatment patiently endure,
" And not deſire that moſt effectual Cure?
" When Honour's loſt, 'tis a Relief to die:
" For Death's a ſure retreat from wounding Infamy.

Once more to *Jonah* great *Jehovah* ſpake;

" Do'ſt thou, my Servant, ſuch compaſſion take
" Upon a Gourd, whoſe Seed thou did'ſt not ſow,
" Nor wert at coſtly Pains to make it grow?
" Do'ſt thou, thus fondly, place thy dear delight
" In what ſprung up, and periſh'd in a Night?
" For a frail Plant cou'd'ſt thou expreſs ſuch Care,
" And ſhou'd not I a pop'lous City ſpare?
" Can'ſt thou for ſuch a Trifle mourn, and yet
" Obdurate look upon a ſinking State?
" Is Mercy ſtrange? Have I not often ſworn,
" To ſave the Sinners, that repent and turn?

" To

" To humour thee, and prop thy tott'ring fame,
" Shall I my wonted Love, and Grace, diſclaim;
" Upon an humbled People pour my Wrath,
" And, while they cry for Pardon, ſtop their Breath?
" Raſh Man! thy wicked Murmuring forbear,
" And think how good, how glorious, 'tis to ſpare.
" Conſider *Nineveh*'s prodigious round,
" In which a World of Innocents is found.
" If harmleſs Flocks thy Pity cannot move,
" (Tho' ev'n for them I feel my pleading Love.)
" Can'ſt thou no Bowels of Compaſſion find,
" For tender Babes, that never proudly ſinn'd?
" Cou'd'ſt thou ſee, blended in one common Fate,
" The Young, the old, the Lowly, and the Great?
" Behold their Looks, and hear their moving Cries,
" With unrelenting Heart, and with unmoiſt'ned eyes?

" No—

« No — I ſhall ne'er the City ſacrifice,
« So chang'd of late, to humour thy Caprice.
Then *Jonah*, ſtruck with ſacred Awe, adores
Jehovah's conduct, and his Grace implores;
No longer for the City's Safety mourns,
But, into triumph, all his Sorrow turns.
Be rouz'd, ye Sinners, and reform betimes,
Ere threat'ned Judgments ſeize you for your Crimes.
While Mercy courts you with engaging Charms,
Without delay embrace the offer'd Terms.
Ere long (perhaps, while ye are ſlumb'ring) Death,
In dreadful Pomp, may lead the Way to Wrath.
All Help, and Hope, for ever diſappear,
When Juſtice comes, your trembling Souls to tear.
O! may the guilty Nations ſoon repent,
Before the Shafts of heav'nly Rage are ſent.

Already

Already Juſtice mounts an awful Throne,
Prepar'd to hurl the Bolts of Vengeance down.
Thro' ev'ry Land are heard the dire Alarms:
The Hoſts of Heav'n ſeem all to be in Arms.
Mercy and Grace arreſt the Thunder now,
But cannot long divert the threat'ned Blow.

Thou, WATTS, whoſe Pray'r can threat'ned Woe (ſuſpend,
Live long an interceſſor, as a Friend.
Shou'dſt thou, offended at our Crimes, retire,
To thy own Seat, in the celeſtial Quire;
Unleſs, *Elijah* like, thou leav'ſt behind
The pow'rful Graces of thy God-like Mind;
Soon wou'd our Sins draw Vengeance from the Sky,
And *Britain*'s boaſted State in Ruin lie.

PSALM the 139th.

I.

TO thee, omniſcient Being, I appeal;
For 'twou'd be vain my Actions to conceal,
From thine all-ſearching Eye!
The Works thy pow'rful Hands have wrought,
In thy Immenſity of Thought,
For ever open lie.
My riſing up, and lying down,
My very Thoughts to Thee are known!
Known, 'ere their Schemes are model'd in my Mind,
Before I can their Form and Likeneſs find.

Thy

Thy piercing Knowledge ſcans the whole Machine
And views the *Embryo's* of my Heart within.
Which way ſoe'er I turn my ſelf about,
Thy Godhead finds me out!
Where'er I go, thou my Companion art!
Trace I the Valley, Wood, or Hill,
I cannot from Omniſcience ſtart:
Thou look'ſt Creation thro', and ſee'ſt me ſtill!
Go I in publick, Thou art there!
In ſolitude, I'm ne'er alone!
My Bed is guarded by thy Care!
And all my ſecret Whiſpers reach thy Throne!
Such Knowledge is too great for Man!
'Tis Myſtery all! who comprehend it can?
It is a Depth, that ſwallows up my Mind!
And, like thy Self, immenſe to all Mankind!

Ev'n

Ev'n they, who think they underſtand it moſt,
Bewilder'd are, and loſt!

II.

Cou'd I ſo fooliſh, ſo perfidious, prove,
To think of once deſerting God?
O whether cou'd my Fancy mean to rove,
Where Omnipreſence keeps no fix'd Abode?
Whether, ah! whether cou'd I run
Thy univerſal Influences to ſhun?
To what Retirement cou'd I fly,
T' elude thy comprehenſive Eye?
If to the Regions of eternal Day
I take my haſty flight,
There, dazzled with immediate Beams of Light,
I durſt not make a Stay,
But downward ſeek my ſafer Way.

Then, ſhou'd I to th' Abyſs of Hell
For certain Refuge go,
Ev'n there almighty Terrors dwell,
And nouriſh never-ending Woe.
Unable there my reſidence to hold,
If, next, the Wings of Light I take,
And, with a Spirit, curiouſly bold,
Of ſome ſtrange Land a new Diſcovery make,
Thy ſwifter Pow'r would firſt arrive,
And there arreſt the Fugitive.
Beneath the cold, or burning Zone,
No Spot remains to Providence unknown!
O hide me, hide me, Shades of Night!
Thick Darkneſs is a ſolid Screen.
Vain Wiſh! one glance of piercing Light,
Can cut the Veil, and make the Sinner ſeen.

Nor

Nor need'ſt thou uſe our Medium of Day,
Thro' Night's Diſguiſe to clear a Way!
Enthron'd in Light, thy Self its ſacred Spring,
Thou, with one undivided View,
Uncover'ſt Darkneſs' cloſeſt Wing,
And look'ſt its Horrors thro'.

III.

Thine are the Springs, that Life and Motion give!
By thee alone, I move and live!
Long, ere my earlieſt Rudiments of Thought
Were found within my Mind,
Thou laid'ſt the Plan of me, now wrought
Into the Likeneſs of Mankind.
Betimes, I grew the Object of thy Care!
Each ſingle Thread, in Nature's Loom,
By thee, was faſhion'd in the Womb,

And curious was my whole Proviſion there!
Each Feature, Ligament, and Vein,
The very texture of my Heart,
Were Subjects of almighty Art.
Well do'ſt thou know whatever I contain,
And well thou can'ſt th' Anatomy explain.
But whether tends this Care divine?
Why all this waſte upon my poor Machine?
" My Wonder, and my Gratitude to raiſe.
Yes, while I live, with deep amaze,
I'll wonder at thy Works, and ſing thy Praiſe.
Let me into my ſelf retire,
I cannot want Materials for my Song:
Reflection will the Muſe inſpire,
Awake my Harp, and tune my Lyre,
And drop melodious Homage from my Tongue.

Thy

Thy Providence, thy Thoughts of Love,
Which, ſince the Maze of Life I trod,
In ſpite of all my Wanderings, gracious prove,
Increaſe my Wonder, and my Debt to God.
When ſhall my poor Acknowledgments be done?
When ſhall I pay the Debt I owe?
Each Day, in more Arrears I run!
So high my great Account does grow,
That ev'n reviſing ſeems but new begun!

ISAIAH, *Chapter* 13.

SEE! Heav'n's dread Banners, waving in the Air,
And Signals, ſcatter'd o'er the hilly Ground,
Shew the approach of Vengeance. Hark! the Noiſe
Makes Mountains tremble, and the Vales return,

In

In ſhuddering Sounds, the Weight and Din of War,
The ſtable Rocks confeſs, with hideous groan,
The Burden of a God; whoſe awful Call
Summons the Nations, far disjoyn'd, together;
And, round his Standard, congregates the Pow'rs
Of Heav'n, embattled. Lo! the Day is come!
Awake, O Land, and view Diſaſters near.
See Terrors ſpread, and Ruin ſtalks abroad.
Already, Fear and Trembling ſeize the Crowd.
All Hands hang down, and Viſages grow pale,
And, thro' each Soul, convulſive Horrors ſtart.
No wonder: 'tis th' Omnipotent, who comes,
Array'd with Glory, and begirt with Strength.
He comes revengeful. Prodigies prepare
His dreadful March: and Wrath around diſplays
Its fatal Signs, to rouze the ſlumb'ring World.

What

What Thunders roar to charge the deſtin'd Foe?
What Arrows thirſt for human Gore? See! lightnings
Flaſh, in the Van! and Troops of Death ſtalk horrid
In the deſtructive Rear! All Nature ſtands aſtoniſhed,
And broad Creation ſeeks to ſhun the Fright.
How Earth's Foundation quakes? what dire Convulſions
Reach Heav'ns high Arch? ha! ſudden Night o'erſpreads
The ſtarry Frame, the Plannets ſkulk in Clouds.
The Sun, amaz'd, at Dawn of Day, retires
To Shades. Below Diſtraction reigns around,
And wild Confuſion rules the azure Space.
Go forth (ſays God) thou executing Sword,
Ye various Inſtruments of Ruin, fly,
And puniſh this rebellious Land. Allow
No Quarter, nor compound with impious Man.

Againſt my Foes my Indignation burns,
And, on their Land, my Vengeance points its courſe.
Treaſures of Fury, and Reſerves of Wrath,
Grown ripe with Age, ſhall pour, at once, their Force
Collected on this Country. In a Deluge
Of purple Dye, I'll bathe the Vales around,
And melt the Mountains with the People's Blood.
The haughty Chiefs ſhall ſeek, in vain to hide
Their deſtin'd Heads: and, with *Plebeian* Clay,
Shall royal carnage mix. He, who before did ſpurn
My Grace and Bounty, low in Duſt, ſhall howl
Beneath my Might, and wiſh Releaſe, in vain.
So deſolate I'll lay this ſinful Realm,
That ſavage Brutes, at ſight of human Faces,
Shall gaze, as Men at Prodigies, affrighted.
For now the Day, the great, tremenduous, Day,
Big with the Fate of *Babylon*, is come.

The

The Time is come, when God will pay th' Arrears
Of Judgment, due to Sinners. It comes on
Adorn'd with all the Images of Horror.
The Heav'ns, afraid, forſake their Place: and Earth
Shakes to its Center, and th' Almighty ſhuns,
While, brandiſh'd, in his red right Hand, the Sword
Of Vengeance glares. Lo! Now the radiant Spoiler
Fierce, urges on, and lays the Country waſte.
Where'er his Courſe the angry Victor bends,
Ruin, in all its horrid Forms, purſues.
No Age, no Sex, no different Rank, or State,
From common Ravage and Deſtruction freed,
Eſcapes the pointed Miſchief. Pow'rs ally'd,
Partake the People's Fate. Promiſcuous, all
Mix in the Carnage, as in Sin combin'd.
Mark! how th' inſulting Conquerors march on,
With Luſt and Rage, inſpir'd. What Blood, what Rapes,

Cry

Cry horrible to unrelenting Actors?
How is the Fruit of the maternal Womb
Blaſted in Bloſſom? What ſharp Pangs are felt
By tender Mothers? How the Infants draw
Their Breath in Torture; and, at Dawn of Life,
Sink in eternal Death? They ſee the Light,
And, as they ſee, expire! afflictive Scene!
Behold the *Medes*, a formidable Race!
Haſten to ſpoil. See! how, in dread Array,
Their Legions ſtretch along contiguous Lands!
They move in Triumph, and exult in Strength.
What Schemes of Death, in ev'ry Soldier's Thought,
Are deep revolv'd? Their generous Souls contemn
The *Perſian* Luxury and Wealth. Dauntleſs they march
To execute th' Almighty's Will. Where'er they move,
The deſtin'd Foes muſt yield. Idly, they ſcorn
To bend the Bow. On every Dart, the Stings

Of

Of Death attend. No Quarter they allow,
And none in pity ſpare. All ſhare the Fate
Of bloody War, and deſart turns the Land.

And thou, O *Babylon*, the great! the proud!
Think not to 'ſcape. Tho' now the boaſted Head
Of the *Chaldean* Glory, thou ſhalt fall.
No more ſhall Nations bend before thy Throne,
No more ſhall tribute humbly wait thy Nod.
Low on the Ground, thy tow'ring Pomp ſhall lye,
And deep in ruin ſhalt thou hide thy Head.
The ſtately Walls, which now, with impious Height,
Conceal the Clouds from human Eye, ſhall ſink
Abject in Earth. The glorious piles, that ſpread
Luſtre around, and rival Stars, ſhall waſte
In all-devouring Flames. Nor ſhall Mankind
Repair thy ruin'd Domes, thy Walls, deſtroy'd;
No pitying Hand exalt thy humbled State.

To

To all ſucceeding Times thou muſt remain
An exemplary Scene of Woe: for ever lie
As curſt *Gomorrah*, that, with Vengeance due,
Was burnt in Fires, for far leſs buruing Luſt.
The Day's at Hand, when on thy fruitful Soil,
The Product of their Labour none ſhall reap.
His Tent the wand'ring *Arab* will not ſpread,
Nor make thy Ground his Place of Reſt. Tho' faint
With travel, he will ſcare his Herd
From thy embitter'd Flood. The careful Shepherd
Will warn his roaming Flocks from thy Remains,
As o'er thy ruin'd Battlements they ſtray,
Or in thy lowly Tow'rs attempt to graze.
Strangers ſhall ſay, ah! where is *Babylon?*
And when they find where once thou wert, they'll cry
Let's ſhun this Place, for 'tis accurſed Ground.
No human kind thy Wilderneſs ſhall bleſs.

Nought,

Nought, but the ſavage Beaſts, and Birds of Prey,
Shall fix their hideous Habitation there.
To them ungrateful Men ſhall quit their Seat.
To them, thy Marble Roofs, and Cedar Rooms,
Shall then be Dens. Thy Courts of Juſtice then
Shall be their Haunts of State. There ſhall they plod
For Blood, where Tyrants bore their Spoils of old.
There in wild Harmony ſhall they convene,
And triumph, in their Turn; more innocent
Than Men had been, who govern'd there before.
How will the mournful Satyrs there bemoan,
And Ghoſts glide horrible along thy Ruins,
To view where their unburied Bodies lay?
There ſhall the Owls and Dragons load the Air,
And ſtrike the Trav'ller's Ear with diſmal Sound.
All the obſcener Birds of dusky Night
Will there reſort, and hide themſelves from Day.

Vora-

Voracious Monſters there ſhall find repoſe,
And hooping Horrors make the Place more baleful.
Forboding Fowls and Ghoſts, confus'd, ſhall dwell,
And ſpeak their dire Preſages on the Walls,
With Earth laid level. This, O *Babylon*,
Is thy juſt Doom, the Puniſhment of Guilt.
Thus will th' Almighty, patient long, exert
At laſt his Vengeance on an impious Race,
Who ſcorn'd his Warnings, and refus'd his Grace.

THE
DOLEFUL SWAINS:
A
PASTORAL POEM:

Written Originally in the SCOTCH Dialect, with an ENGLISH VERSION.

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A

FAMILIAR EPISTLE,

TO

Major *Richardſon Pack*,

With the following

PASTORAL.

WHILE You, dear *Pack*, for Court and Camp prepar'd,
With equal Skill an Hero and a Bard!
Advent'rous thro' the crowded Alley preſs,
With Pains unwearied and deſerv'd Succeſs;
From the ſweet Scene I live alas! afar,
At *Jauncy*'s *Angel* without *Temple Bar*,

Deſtin'd to ſuffer Pennance for my Crimes,
By Jobbing only thro' a Maze of Rhimes:
A fruitleſs Game! A Game that none ſhou'd chuſe,
Who wants a Coach, although he has a Muſe.
Yet, Pardon, Sir, the Rudeneſs of a Friend,
His rural Lays at ſuch a Time to ſend:
A Time, when nought ſhou'd be receiv'd or ſent,
But Transfers, Permits, Bills, and Money lent:
And, when from Alley-Avocations free,
You leiſure have to think of Verſe and me,
(At leaſt when driving homewards *Debonair*,
In *London* Chariot, or *Pariſian* Chair.)
Deign to peruſe 'em with a gracious Eye —
But hide, O hide the Blunders you deſcry:
For as your Approbation is my Fame,
The Town will damn my Labours, if You blame.

Auguſt 2, 1720.

ADVER-

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Reader is hereby acquainted, That the Engliſh Verſion of this PASTORAL was not intended to be a literal One; and the Author believes it wou'd have puzzled him to have made it ſuch: So hard it is to do Juſtice to an Original in any Language!

NB. BELL AIR, *being a Scholar and a Gentleman, talks better Engliſh than the Clowns in Caledodia; which even Criticks will allow.*

THE DOLEFUL SWAINS:

A Paſtoral Poem, &c.

BELLAIR, *a Lad, wha ſpent a hantil time,*
In hunting Hares, and making gentle Rhime;
Three Shepherds fand ſu waeſu and forlorn,
Streek'd a' their length beneath a ſpreading Thorn.
He ſpeir'd their ailment wi' a melting Heart,
And ſaid he'd ſtrive to cure their cutting Smart;

Their

THE DOLEFUL SWAINS:

A Paſtoral Poem, &c.

BELLAIR, a Youth of the Poetick Train,
Was ſporting on the *Caledonian* Plain;
Where, underneath a cooling Shade he found,
Three mournful Shepherds lying on the Ground.
Diſpos'd t'afford 'em all ſome kind Relief,
He ask'd the Cauſe of their invet'rate Grief;

Their cutting ſmart wi' willing Minds they ſung,
In nat'ral Numbers and their Mother Tongue.

WILLIE.

Alas! quo Willie, *gen ye kend my care,*
Your Heart wi' Grief I'm ſure wead e'en be Sair.
Beſſie, *my Laſs, God kens how wiel I loo'd,*
How aft I kiſt her, and how lang I woo'd,
Has gi'en me o'er, and run awa' wi' Tam.

DAVIE.

What's that, quo Davie, *to my dainty Lamb?*
A Lamb, the beſt of a' my feckleſs Flock,
Was worried yonder on a waefu Rock.

MUNGO.

What ſilly ſtuff dings down the Hearts o' ſome?
A gritter matter gars me greet and gloom.
Our Laird, ſhame fa' his chafts! wad no forbear,
'Till he had fleetch'd awa' my pickle geer.

He

Who thus by turns, with Emulation ſung
Their diff'rent Ailments, in their native Tongue.

WILLIAM.

Alas! quoth *William*, if my Grief you knew,
With Sympathy you'd be diſtracted too.
Betty, the Sweet, the Beautiful, the Young,
By me, alas! lov'd, kiſs'd, and courted long,
Has play'd the Jilt, and join'd another Swain.

DAVID.

What's that, quoth *David*, to my mighty Pain?
A Lamb, the Pride of all my little Flock,
Was worried yonder on a rugged Rock.

MUNGO.

How little Cauſe have ſome to be perplex'd?
My Mind hath greater Reaſon to be vex'd.
My Landlord, plague conſume his fawning Tongue!
Pled, 'till I parted with my Money, long,

He gard me trow he'd put it in the Stocks,

And I thro' means o' ſome ſly brokeing Fox,

Wad ſoon grow rich and be a Laird my ſell;

Bat a' is loſt, and I hae ne'er a Doyt to tell.

WILLIE.

I wonder, Sirs, to ſee ye hae the Face,

To ev'n your Trifles to my bonny Laſs!

Wha uſe wi' Lambs or Siller to compare,

A precious Saul? —

DAVID.

Refer it to Bellair,

Gen ye for Beſs, *or* Mungo *for his Gowd,*

Hae haff ſae muckle reaſon to be dow'd.

MUNGO.

Sae be it — let Bellair *the Caſe decide,*

For he's a Scholard, yet withouten Pride.

But

He ſwore, if I wou'd put it in the Stocks,
That ſome kind Broker, cunning as a Fox,
Wou'd ſoon improve it to a large Eſtate,
But all is loſt, and I muſt curſe my Fate.

WILLIAM.

I wonder, Sirs, to ſee you have a Face,
To equal Trifles to a lovely Laſs!
None uſe with Lambs or Money to compare,
A precious Soul.——

DAVID.

Refer it to *Bellair*.
Whether his Miſtreſs, or your Money loſt,
Or I for my dead Lamb-kin ſuffer moſt.

MUNGO.

So be it —— let *Bellair* the Caſe decide,
For he's a Scholar, and yet has no Pride.

But

But furſt let ilk ſome futhy Wager lay,
That he my get a Prize wha wins the Day,
I, for my part, will ſtake my branded Ox,
I ſuffer maiſt, wha loſt my Gowd in Stocks.

WILLIE.

And I will pand this Ring down in his loof,
He will decide the Caſe in my behoof;
'Tis a' the Gift that e'er my Beſſy *gae,*
I wad na loſs't for a' the Nowt ye hae.

DAVIE.

I hae nae Ox nor Ring indeed to ſtake,
But a' I hae ye ſall hae leave to take;
Gen I the Wager loſs — ſae ſure I am,
My loſs is maiſt, wha loſt a dainty Lamb.

BELLAIR.

Your kindneſs moves me, Shepherds, for your ſake,
Grateful, whate'er I can to undertake.

But

But firſt, let each ſome worthy Wager lay,
That he who wins may bear a Prize away.
I for my Part will ſtake my ruddy Ox,
I ſuffer moſt by putting Gold in Stocks.

WILLIAM.

And I this Ring will pledge whene'er you pleaſe,
In my behalf, he will decide the Caſe.
'Tis all the Gift that e'er my *Betty* gave,
More priz'd by me than all the Herds you have.

DAVID.

I have nor Ox, nor Ring indeed to ſtake,
But all my Goods ye ſhall have leave to take,
If I the Diſpute loſe, —— ſo ſure I am,
My Loſs is greateſt who have loſt a Lamb.

BELLAIR.

Your kindneſs moves me, Shepherds, for your ſake,
Grateful whate'er I can to undertake.

But

But first, as Judge, 'tis requisite I know
The Aggravations of your various Woe;
Before I can impartial Sentence pass,—

WILLIE.

Let me speak first, wha lost a bonny Lass:
The gritteſt Cause shou'd first of a' be heard,
And the best Singer hae the best Reward.

BELLAIR.

Let Mungo *first rehearse his mournful Tale,*
(For Bubbles more than Lasses now prevail.)
You next, and David *last of all reply,—*
The Muses love alternate Melody;
And as a Premium *for the Shepherd's Pains,*
Who best resembles * Ramsay's *rural Strains;*
In † Burchet's *Name, I here engage to give*
Twice twenty Crowns, his Courage to revive.

* A *Scotch* Poet. † Mr. Secretary *Burchet*, a Patron of *Ramsay*.

MUNGO.

But firſt, as Judge, 'tis requiſite I know
The Aggravations of your various Woe,
Before I can impartial Sentence paſs —

WILLIAM.

Let me begin, who loſt a lovely Laſs?
The greateſt Cauſe ſhould firſt of all be heard,
And he, that ſweeteſt Sings, enjoy the beſt Reward.

BELLAIR.

Let *Mungo* firſt rehearſe his mournful Tale,
(For Bubbles more than Laſſes now prevail;)
You next, and *David* laſt of all reply —
The Muſes love alternate Melody.
And, as a *Premium* for the Shepherd's Pains,
Who beſt reſembles *Ramſay*'s rural Strains;
In *Burchet*'s Name, I here engage to give
Twice twenty Crowns, his Courage to revive.

MUNGO.

MUNGO.

What ſall I ſay? I had a hunder Mark,
O' Yellow Gowd, that glitter'd in the Dark;
Lang had it lain in a cloſe coſie Hole,
Ahint the Chimly, bigged in a Bole.
Fu ſafe it lay, 'till Bubbles gan to riſe.
O gen I had it back! I wad be wiſe.

WILLIE.

I thought faſe Beſſy *mine fu hard and faſt,*
And that we twae ſhou'd Married be at laſt.
But ah! how aft hae Shepherds ſoon believ'd,
And by the Queans they truſted, been deceiv'd.

DAVIE.

My Lamb was grown a ſtrang and tyddy Beaſt,
(The Laird himſell ne'er had a fatter Feaſt;)
Aft hae I ſaid, whan ony chanc'd to ſpeir,
"How dis your Lamb? Fu gayly, bra won geer:

But

MUNGO.

What ſhall I ſay? Five Pounds I had and more,
All yellow Gold, laid up in ſecret Store;
Behind the Chimney, pent from Face of Day,
Long in the Wall it undiſcover'd lay;
It lay well hid, 'till Stocks begun to riſe,
O if I had it back! I would be Wiſe.

WILLIAM.

I thought falſe *Betty* was my own ſecure,
And, when we ſhould be married, in my Pow'r.
But ah! how oft have Shepherds ſoon believ'd,
And, by the Jilts they truſted, been deceiv'd.

DAVID.

My Lamb was grown a ſtrong, a blooming Beaſt,
(My Landlord ne'er enjoy'd a fatter Feaſt;)
Oft have I anſwer'd to my neighb'ring Swains,
Who ask'd its growth, — The beſt on all the Plains.

But

But rackleſs Fate has met it on the Rock,
And I alas! am quite undone and broke.

MUNGO.

I took our Laird to be an honeſt Man,
(But they ſhou'd ne'er be truſted wha can bann.)
And mony a time the Brokers ſent me Word,
My hunder Mark wad fetch me hame a Hoord.
Yet, 'mang 'em a', I poor unlucky Lad!
Inſtead o' gath'ring mair, loſt a' I had.

WILLIE.

My Neighbour Tam *pretended ſtill to be,*
A downright Man and faithfu Friend to me;
Yet he, faſe Carl! has ſae unjuſtly play'd,
And taen my proper Beſſy *o'er my Head.*
This mixes Wormwood in my Diſh, and makes
My very Heart to ſtand upo' the Racks.

DAVIE.

But Fate, relentleſs, met it on the Rock,
And I alas! am quite undone and broke.

MUNGO.

I took my Landlord for an honeſt Man,
(But there's no truſting thoſe that uſe to bann.)
And oft the Brokers gave me ground to hope,
My Grains ſhould ſpring up to a plenteous Crop;
Yet, 'mongſt 'em all, I poor unlucky Lad!
Inſtead of gathering more, have loſt the Goods I had.

WILLIAM.

My Neighbour *Tom* pretended ſtill to be
An upright Man and faithful Friend to me;
Yet he has play'd a baſe, a treach'rous Part,
To ſteal away, ſo ſlyly, *Betty*'s Heart.
This aggravates alas! my cutting Woe,
The Thought that ſtabs, and keeps me tortur'd ſo.

DAVIE.

Gen ony Tyke, to wham I ne'er was kind,
Had kill'd my Lamb, it wad hae caum'd my Mind.
But Coly, *wha I dawted maiſt was he,*
That laid this Lade o' Poverty on me.
Aft hae I patted wi' my Hand his Head,
And frae my Pouch flung down grit dads o' Bread.
And he, fu grateſu, us'd to wag his Tail,
Bark'd whan I bade, and did my Buſineſs hale.
But now, vile Cur! he ſair'd me ſae at laſt,
For a' my Love and Kindneſs to him paſt.
Let ne'er a Shepherd truſt his Dog again —

MUNGO.

It wad hae ſaſt'ned a' my inward Pain,
And lang e'er now I'd gi'en my mourning o'er,
Gen they had ſaid they wad my Gowd reſtore.

But

DAVID.

If any Dog, to whom I ne'er was kind,
Had kill'd my Lamb, it would have eas'd my Mind:
But *Coly*, whom I moſt indulg'd, was he,
That hath reduc'd me to this Poverty.
Oft have I patted with my Hand his Head,
And from my Pockets thrown him Lumps of Bread;
And he moſt kindly us'd to wag his Tail,
Nor baulk'd my Buſineſs on the Hill or Dale.
But now, vile Cur! for all my Favours paſt,
He playd the Rogue, and ſerv'd me ſo at laſt.
Let ne'er a Shepherd truſt his Dog again, —

MUNGO.

It might have ſoften'd much my inward Pain,
And long ere now my Mourning had been o'er,
If they had ſaid they would my Gold reſtore.

But wha can bear wi' Patience to be robb'd?
Baith out o' Stock and Int'reſt ſlyly jobb'd?
As ſoon ſall Froſt congeal the rumbling Sea,
As I thae Rogues, that ſham'd me ſae, forgie.

WILLIE.

Gen Beſſy *had na Sworn and Sworn again,*
That ſhe ne'er loo'd ſae wiel anither Swain;
And that the Sea ſhou'd ſooner ceaſe to roar,
Than ſhe prove faſe, and gie her Willie *o'er;*
I cou'd hae born wi' gritter eaſe my grief,
And drunk in ilka drap o' ſweet relief.

DAVIE.

How fooliſh is it for an honeſt Clown,
To truſt a Tyke, whan he's grey-Bearded grown?
Coly, *whan Young, unpractis'd in Deceit,*
Was ay good natur'd, and ne'er prov'd a Cheat.

Aft

But who can bear with Patience to be robb'd?
Both out of Stock and Intereſt to be jobb'd?
As ſoon ſhall Froſt congeal the ſurging Sea,
As thoſe Deceivers be forgiv'n by me.

WILLIAM.

If *Betty* had not ſworn and ſworn again,
That ſhe ne'er lov'd ſo much another Swain;
And that the Sea ſhould ſooner ceaſe to roar,
Than ſhe prove falſe, and give her *William* o'er,
I could have born with greater Eaſe my Grief,
And catch'd the ſmalleſt Cordial for Relief.

DAVID.

How fooliſh is it for an honeſt Clown,
To truſt a Dog when he's gray-bearded grown?
Coly, when Young, unpractis'd in Deceit,
Was ſtill good-natur'd, and ne'er prov'd a Cheat;

'Aft a' my Flocks I truſted to his Care,
And thought I mught do ſae for evermair.
But, like a Court-Man, he betray'd his Truſt,
Afore I gae him Reaſon for diſguſt.

MUNGO.

I thought ere now I ſhou'd hae had a Coach,
'A bonny Place, and Gow'd in ilka pouch.
Sae high the Laird my Expectations rais'd?
Sae muckle ware the waefu' Bubbles prais'd?
'And yet I'm forc'd, wi' mighty Toil and Sweat,
To win a Groat to get my Guts ſome Meat.
Sae ſad it is for ſic a Chiel as me,
To rax for Riches — in a rough South-Sea.

WILLIE.

Beſſy and I, gen ſhe had faithfu prov'd,
Mught lang ere now hae ſhaun how weil we lov'd.

Oft all my Flocks I truſted to his Care,
And thought he ne'er would plunge me in deſpair,
But, like a Stateſman, he betray'd his Truſt,
Before I had provok'd him to diſguſt.

MUNGO,

Oft have I thought, before I knew their Tricks,
T' have had fine Lodgings, and a Coach with Six.
So high my Hopes my crafty Landlord rais'd!
So much were theſe unlucky Bubbles prais'd!
And yet I'm doom'd with painful Toil and Sweat,
To earn a Groat to buy my Belly Meat.
So ſad it is for ſuch a ſimple Swain,
To launch into the Deep, in queſt of Gain.

WILLIAM.

Betty and I, if ſhe had faithful prov'd,
Had long ere now diſcover'd how we lov'd.

Ae Houſe and Bed mught ſair'd us baith fuwiel,
But Tam, *curſt* Tam *and ſhe hae play'd the Deel.*
The Bairns I thought to gotten a' my ſell,
Maun e'en be his. The very Thought is Hell.

DAVIE.

Had Coly *ſpar'd my tyddy Lamb, I vow,*
It wad hae been a ſtately Creature now:
I might hae ſell'd it —— for ſome futhy Men
Wad ne'er hae ſtood to gi'en me three pund ten.
Or gen I pleas'd to keep it mang the reſt,
It mught hae prov'd an unca' fruitfu Beaſt.
For 'twas a Ew, a Ew of a bra kind;
Her gutcher, if I right the Matter mind,
Was ſent my Daddy in a Gift fu far,
Wi' as fine Ouz as e'er was ſtraik'd wi' Tar.

MUNGO,

We might have lodg'd in the ſame Houſe and Bed,
But ſhe with *Tom*, curſt *Tom!* has play'd the Jade.
His all the Children now alas muſt be,
Tormenting Thought! that ſhould belong to me.

DAVID.

Had *Coly* ſpar'd my blooming Lamb, I vow,
It would have prov'd a ſtately Creature now.
I might have ſold it — for ſome lib'ral Men
Wou'd ne'er refuſe the Price of five and ten;
Or if I choſe to keep it with the reſt,
It might in time have prov'd a teeming Beaſt.
For 'twas a Ewe, a Ewe of fruitful Kind;
Her Grandſire, if I right the Story mind,
Was ſent my Father in a Gift from far,
With as fine Wool as e'er was laid with Tar.

MUNGO.

MUNGO.

What is't but Rob'ry, open and avow'd,
To cheat a Body out of a' his Gow'd?
Tho' wi' fair Face and a faſe fleetching Tongue,
They gard me trow I ſhou'd na want it lang.
I wonder ſouk can glour us in the Face,
When they do wrang, and their ain ſell diſgrace.

WILLIE.

It wad na vex'd my Spirit half ſae ſair,
Gen they had only kiſt, and done nae mair:
I cou'd forgie a ſtown dint in the Dark, —
But openly they ran to the haf Mark.
A while afore I fawnd them in a Grove,
And heard them tell ſome unca tales o' Love.
Yet a' the time the Glaeky gard me trow,
She'd Marry me — I was a Fool I vow.

DAVID.

MUNGO.

What other Name than Robbers ſhall I give,
To thoſe that take away my Means to live?
Tho' with a curteous Air and flatt'ring Tongue,
They made me truſt I ſhou'd not want them long.
I wonder thoſe, that their own ſelves diſgrace,
By doing Wrong, can look us in the Face.

WILLIAM.

It ſhould not half ſo much have vex'd my Mind,
If they had only kiſs'd — Folk may be kind;
An unſeen Slip, through Love, allow I can —
But to the Curate openly they ran.
Sometime before I ſaw them in a Grove,
I heard them tell ſome wondrous Tales of Love;
Mean while, for all that paſt betwixt them there,
She ſaid ſhe'd Marry me, — I was a Fool, I ſwear.

DAVID.

DAVID.

Coly, *faſe Tyke! without a' Conſcience ran,*
(I wiſh I may no in my Anger bann!)
In fair foor Day, and did the wicket deed,
Then cock'd his Tail, and faſt awa he fled.
Whitefoot *and* Bawtie *preſent ware I heard,*
And ill ye ken is eaſy to be lear'd;
Gen, after his Example, they ſhou'd grow
Sheep-ſtealers too, what ſall poor Davie *do?*

MUNGO.

How can I think upo my little Poze,
And my Heart no' fa' down into my Hoſe?
Twas blythſom anes to take the Yellow Hoard
Out frae the Clout, and tell it on the Board.
O! how the Pennies gliſter'd in my Een,
That Laird! thae Brokers! wou'd I ne'er had ſeen.

WILLIE.

DAVID.

Coly, falſe Cur! like an eſtabliſh'd Rake,
(I wiſh the Law my Choler may not break!)
In open Day, perform'd the wicked Deed,
Cock'd up his Tail, and fleet o'er Mountains fled.
Whitefoot and *Bawtie* both beholding ſtood,
And Ill, ye know, is eaſier learn'd than Good.
If, after his Example, they purſue
And worry Sheep, what ſhall their Maſter do?

MUNGO.

How can I think upon my little Store,
And yet my Heart be not afflicted ſore?
'Twas Pleaſure once to take the Guineas out,
And on the Table hurl them round about.
O! how each Piece glanc'd ſweetly in my Eyes.
I'll curſe thoſe Brokers ev'ry Day I riſe.

WIL-

WILLIE.

O! how I'm wounded to the very Heart,
To think that ought ſhoud me frae Betty *part.*
She was the gayeſt Laſs that e'er I ſa',
Ay unca Heartſom, clean redd up and bra.
Fu fait and Jimp ſhe was about the Waiſt,
Had fine tight Legs, and wow a ſnawy Breaſt!
But than her Cheeks, her Lips, her Eyes ſae rare, —
She might e'en wi' my Lady's ſell compare.
O! wha' cou'd ſee her, (God forgie my Sin!)
And no find a' his Heart Strings dirl within!

DAVIE.

O! 'twas a bonny Sight, amang the Coup,
To ſee my Lambkin o'er the Buſhes loup.
Upo' the Staines it danc'd, and, whan I drave
My Sheep to Fald, it ran afore the Leve.

Ae

WILLIAM.

O! how I'm tortur'd in my inmoſt Heart,
To think that ought ſhou'd me from *Betty* part;
For ſhe was charming both in Mind and Face,
Without all Beauty and within all Grace.
Handſome and pretty was her ſtately Waiſt,
Her Legs genteel, and white as Snow her Breaſt;
But oh! her Cheeks, her Lips, her Eyes ſo rare,
She might e'en with my Lady's ſelf compare.
None could behold her, (God forgive my Sin)
And not find Love thrill through his Veins within.

DAVID.

O! 'twas a Pleaſure, on the buſhy Rock,
To ſee my Lamb-kin skip amidſt the Flock.
O'er Stones it danc'd, and us'd to run and leap
As I to Fold convey'd my Flock of Sheep.

With

Ae Day I thought I ſhou'd hae piſh'd my Breiks,
To ſee it dounch my Bawties *hawket Cheeks.*
The Cur was ſleeping, whan the canny Beaſt
Gard him get up and Yowl —— a bonny Jeſt!
But now my Sport is a' to greeting turn'd,
What anes was a' my Comfort now is mourn'd.
O gen my Hands cou'd grup the Tyke, I vow,
I'd gar him girn to Death upon a Tow.

BELLAIR.

Shepherds, give o'er, &c.

With Laughing once I thought t' have been undone,
When with full force upon my Dog it run.
Aſleep he lay, when the facetious Beaſt
Rouz'd him in ſmart — it was a pleaſant Jeſt!
But now my Sport is all to Sorrow turn'd,
What once delighted, now alas! is mourn'd.
If e'er my Hands can catch the Cur, I hope,
To make him rue his Manners in a Rope.

BELLAIR.

Shepherds, give o'er your ſoft complaining Lays,
All ſing with Eaſe and merit more than Bays.
So well your various Suff'rings have been ſung,
With Charms peculiar to your Native Tongue,
That, whilſt I own that all of ye ſing well,
'Tis hard to judge what Swain does moſt excel:
And did not Buſ'neſs make me bid adieu
To theſe ſweet Plains, to Paſtimes, and to you,

I cou'd with Pleaſure, 'till the Sun declin'd,
Attentive liſten, and freſh Beauties find,
Beauties! that *Phillips*, *Pope*, and *Pack* might Love,
And e'en capricious *Dennis'* ſelf approve.
Yet ere I go, my beſt Deciſion hear,
Nor think my Sentence partial or ſevere;
Since each of what he wager'd is poſſeſt,
And none allow'd to laugh at both the Reſt.
For ſinging well, let *Mungo* keep his Ox,
Tho', as I think, he nothing los'd in Stocks.
A Sum of Gold, however great or ſmall,
Is rather loſt, when buried in a Wall,
Both Uſeleſs to the Owners, and to all:
But, put in Stocks, it falls into the Hand
Of thoſe that ſpend it for their native Land;
And, like the gen'rous *Campbell*, *Blount* and *Goode*,
Crown Merit well, where Merit is allow'd.

Nor have you, *William*, ſo much Cauſe to mourn,
Since *Betty* cou'd from you to *Thomas* turn.
The Swain's moſt happy, who has leaſt to do
With Laſſes, who can Jilt and break a Vow.
To other Strains adapt your tuneful Reed,
And joy that you from Miſery are freed.
But *David* is a Sufferer, I own,
And hath moſt Ground of all the Three to moan.
David is poor, his Lamb was all his Pride,
That Lamb can ne'er revive again; beſide,
He loſt his Dog; and thoſe that yet remain,
From his Example, may undo the Swain.
But let not *David* be oppreſs'd with Grief,
I'll go to Court, and thence procure Relief.
Craggs is a wiſe, a gen'rous Soul, I'm ſure!
No Swain can ſuffer much, whilſt he is cloath'd with Pow'r.

INSTRUCTIONS TO THE MUSE.

IF I, of *Caledonian* Race,
May hope to ſhare of CRAGG's Grace,
'Tis fit he firſt ſhou'd know my Caſe.

Then, *Muſe*, addreſs the *Squire* in Rhime,
But waſte not his important Time,
With long and tedious Narration,
And taſteleſs, formal Supplication;
For certes He has more to do,
Than hearken to a Brat like you.

When

When by ſome artful Means or other,
You gain Admittance, make a Pother
To ſhew your Breeding; for, by *Thee*,
A Judgment will be made of *Me.*
Now, ſhou'd you with Behaviour akward
Appear, 'twou'd turn his Bleſſing backward;
Whereas you'll win him, by *Decorum*
Obſerv'd, when firſt you come before him.
So, having made a handſome Leg,
Tell him from whom you came to beg,
How I was bred an *honeſt Whig*,
And, in Rebellion Time, look'd big.
No *Volunteer*, in all our Party,
Was known more orthodox and hearty.
You may indeed confeſs my Bravery
Is ſmall — but then ſo is my Knavery;

And, in the Cauſe, a faithful Creature,
His *Honour* knows is a great Matter!

When this is repreſented clearly,
Proceed to tell, however queerly;
How old a Dab I am at *Wit*,
And for a World of Uſes fit!
— And here 'tis proper to enlarge,
And what your Conſcience bids, diſcharge:
For You my Praiſe can better ſpeak,
Than I, whom Modeſty pulls back.

Next, faithful Muſe, you may go on,
To ſhew that I ſhall be undone,
Unleſs he put me in a *Place*,
Or by a *Penſion* cure my Caſe.
Suggeſt, that half a Score of Fellows,
(Whoſe Frauds, 'tis ſaid, deſerve the Gallows)

Are inſtantly to be turn'd out,
That others may get in, no Doubt.
Now, ſince I'm honeſt and in Need,
And eke can fairly write and read,
He may do worſe than ſend me *North*,
To inſpect *Tobacco*, and ſo forth.
But, after all, if CRAGGS ſhou'd ſay,
" Muſe, tell thy Maſter he muſt ſtay;
" Beſides, thou art a chatt'ring Elf;
" I want to talk with MITCHELL's ſelf —
E'en take your Leave with due *Decorum*,
As when you firſt appear'd before him.
Suffice it, that He heard You out —
A Sign he'll ſerve me, without Doubt!
Be it thy Taſk to ſing his Praiſe,
And mine to mind whate'er he ſays.

To the Right Honourable

JAMES CRAGGS, Esq;

One of His MAJESTY's Principal Secretaries of State in the Year 1720.

CRAGGS, who, by Merits of your own,
Have climb'd to Honour and Renown!
Great Arbiter of Wit and Senſe!
The Muſes Friend, and my Defence!
Sure in this ſtrange *Stock-jobbing* Seaſon,
You've neither loſt, nor left, your Reaſon;
And, therefore, tho' the World to me
Appears as mad as it can be,

I too

I too wou'd fain my Fortune try,
Since *you've a Finger in the Pye.*
Tis plain, there is ſome *Charm*, or other,
Elſe *wiſe* Folks wou'd not make a Pother
About *Subſcriptions*, great and ſmall,
And, in the crowded *Ally* bawl,
Like *Brokers* with no Brains at all.
But what's the *Charm*, and how to know it,
Remains a Myſtery to your *Poet*;
And muſt, while ready *Caſh* is ſcant —
— Unleſs your Honour ſay, I ſhant.
Not that I covet, or wou'd ſeem
A *Paraſite* in your Eſteem ——
No living Soul cares leſs for Money;
And, tho' I'm poor, I ſcorn to fun ye.
Only, for Faſhion's ſake, or ſo,
I ſhou'd be glad the *Charm* to know;

And

And try if I too, quitting Rhimes,
Cou'd *cut a Figure* in theſe Times.

But ſhou'd you leave it to my Muſe
To name the *Company* I chuſe,
I'm ſuch a *Novice* in the *Ally*,
That, meditating Shilly, ſhally,
Your *Honour*'s Patience wou'd be tir'd,
Ere I cou'd tell what I deſir'd.
Sometimes, I like the *South-Sea* beſt;
Sometimes, believe it all a Jeſt.
To-Day, *Welſh-Copper*'s my Delight;
To-Morrow, it appears a Bite.
By Turns, *York-buildings*, *Chelſea-water*,
And *River Douglas*, move my Satire.
The *Indian*, *African*, and ſo forth,
Now pleaſe, and then ſeem Things of no Worth.

In

In ſhort, from *Stocks* at *Cent per Cent*,
To *Stock*, whereon no Money's lent,
(So apt my Humour is to rove)
I know not which to hate, or love.
Then may it pleaſe you, Sir, to ſay
What I muſt have, in your own Way—
And your Petitioner *ſhall Pray.*

AN

A N

O D E

On receiving a WREATH of BAYS from

OPHELIA.

Non usitata, nec tenui ferar
Penna — — — Hor.

I.

LET Him, who, favour'd by the Fair,
With Glove, or Ring, or Lock of Hair,
Think He's the happy Man —

The

The Crown, I wear upon my Head,
Has Energy to wake the Dead,
And make a Gooſe a Swan!

II.

See! how, like *Horace*, I aſpire!
I mount! I tow'r ſublimely high'r!
And, as I ſoar, I ſing!
Behold, ye Earth-born Mortals all,
I leave you on your Kindred Ball,
With Fancy's lofty Wing!

III.

To humble Trophies dully creep,
And, in your Urns, inglorious ſleep,
Ye *Roman Cæſars*, now ——
Your Eagles' Flight was all in vain,
Since I've more Triumph in my Brain,
And greater on my Brow.

My

IV.

My Laurel, Rival of the Oak!
Malignant Planets, and the Stroak
Of Thunder, cannot ſhake.
My Thoughts, inſpir'd by Love and Bays,
O'er all your boaſted Lands and Seas,
Deſpotic Empire take.

V.

Why did great *Alexander* grieve?
Becauſe he cou'd no more atchieve?
Had I been living Then,
I wou'd have taught the Hero how
He might have made the Nations bow,
By Fancy more than Men!

VI.

Encircled with my ſacred Wreath,
I ride triumphant over Death;
And,

And, at Poetic Wheels,
I draw the Seaſons of the Year,
I charm all Heav'n into my Sphere,
And Hell my Fury feels.

VII.

Shame on low Flights —— Let us create
New Syſtems, and a new Eſtate,
For Bards and Lovers fit.
No higher, than *Elyſium*,
Have *Homer*, *Virgil*, *Ovid*, come,
With all their tow'ring Wit.

VIII.

To a new World, my Fair, let's fly,
A *Venus* Thou! *Apollo* I!
To raiſe a Race of Gods.
Attend us, Poets, if you'd have
A Subject, proof againſt the Grave,
T' immortalize your Odes.

Aſtro-

IX.

Aſtrologers, the Stars deſpiſe ——
All Fate is in OPHELIA's Eyes:
From Them derive your Skill.
Their Influence only can undo,
Reſtore, confound, amend, renew,
Re-animate, and kill.

On OPHELIA.

I.

IN Praiſe of Women, we proclaim
The *Breaſts* of One, Another's *Face*,
Here *Eyes* for ever roll in Fame,
And there immortal lives a *Grace*.

II.

But, when OPHELIA's Charms we ſing,
Not This, nor t'other Part, we praiſe,
Nor need we borrow'd Beauties bring,
A perfect Character to raiſe.

III.

As Heav'ns Epitome deſign'd,
The Whole of Her our Wonder draws,
We worſhip and adore her Mind,
At once her Perſon charms and awes.

IV.

What finiſh'd Pieces have been ſhown?
Have we not ſeen a Thouſand more?
But when the fair OPHELIA's gone,
Exhauſted will be Beauty's Store.

V.

Poſterity ſhall, ſorrowing, ſay,
" Our Fathers ſaw ſuperior Worth,
" The perfect Mold was caſt away,
" When Nature brought OPHELIA forth.

To OPHELIA,
With the POWER *of* BEAUTY.
A POEM.

THOU, at whoſe Feet my *Muſe* her Labour lays,
To whom my *Heart* its firſt Devotion pays,
Peruſe this Paper, that, impartial, tells
How much a *Lady*, like your ſelf, excels:
How, vainly, other Pow'rs appear in Arms
Againſt the Force of *Beauty's* conquering Charms.

If

If ſmall Engagement, in my Verſe, you find,
Condemn my *Muſe*, but to my *Heart* be kind.
Lines faintly tell the Pain a *Lover* feels,
When ev'ry Paſſion to his *Charmer* kneels.
Poorly our Art the Force of Nature ſhows!
Like native Life, what dead Reſemblance glows?

Think, *Madam*, tho' Adorers round you preſs,
None loves you more,—and *Love* deſerves Succeſs.
No higher Merit I preſume to boaſt:
If *That* is worthleſs, my Ambition's loſt.
Howe'er your Pleaſure ſhall pronounce my Fate,
'Twill be my Pride, your humble Slave to wait:
Happy enough, if I am bleſt to ſee
Thoſe Eyes, that conquer Thouſands, ſhine on Me.

But, ſhou'd you, gracious, my Addreſs regard,
And, by your Love, at length, my Pains reward,

No favour'd *Beauty*, to the *Muſes* known,
Shou'd e'er receive more Homage than your own.
Yet ill cou'd *Verſe* your Heav'n of Charms diſplay!
As well might Paint outſhine the God of Day.

THE

THE POWER of *BEAUTY*.

A POEM.

IN golden Times, when *Virtue*'s Pow'r prevail'd;
Ere *Truth* took Wing, or publick *Credit* fail'd;
When *Poets* ſung, as Heav'n, it ſelf, inſpir'd;
And Men were juſt to Merit they admir'd:

A Lady fair, SAPHIRA was her Name!
Grac'd *Salem*'s Court, and higher rais'd its Fame:
Fix'd was the Eye, that e'er her Glories view'd,
Nor ſcap'd a Heart in *Iſrael*, unſubdu'd.
Her, rival Lovers crowded to adore,
And Blood boil'd hot, that Icy was before.
But none the Pow'r of *Beauty* better knew,
Than tuneful *Bards*, whoſe whole Addreſs ſhe drew.
Low, at her Feet, *their* Labours moſt were laid,
And moſt *ſhe* lik'd the Homage, that *they* paid.
All urg'd their Suit, and willingly ſubmit
To SOLOMON, the Judge of Men, and Wit:
He, high enthron'd, amidſt his *Nobles* ſate,
To try their Merit, and conclude Debate.
They, bowing low, expect th' important Theme,
And hope, to win the Prize of Love, and Fame.

Strait,

Strait, was the Queſtion publiſh'd, by the *King*,
In few, plain, Words—*What's the moſt pow'rful Thing?*
Firſt, ſolemn Silence AHAB-MELECH broke,
He lov'd the *King*, and loyally he ſpoke.
" O Sage in Counſel, as, by Armies, ſtrong,
" What, but thy *Self*, deſerves the *Poets'* Song?
" Thou, GOD's Vicegerent! haſt the greateſt Pow'r:
" Thou art th'Almighty, but in Miniature!
" All Things the Art, and Arms, of Men obey,
" And Men are rul'd by thy unrival'd Sway.
Here Flatterers ſhout, and wou'd the Trial end,
When SAHAB roſe, his Topick to defend.
" Is there, ſaid He, a greater Pow'r, than *Gold?*
" What King, without it, can Dominion hold?
" I flatter not — and let my *Rivals* prove,
" That there is ought more prevalent, in Love.

A ſecond Noiſe ran murmuring thro' the Hall,
When, thus, SHETHIGAH huſht Opinions all.
" *Wine* has the Pow'r, that nothing elſe can claim:
" Omnipotence! but with another Name.
" With *It*, in vain, we Kings and Gold compare:
" Both are but Duſt, and ſhall to Duſt repair!
" Mankind may ſtarve amidſt a hoarded Store,
" And Time, once loſt, can be redeem'd no more.
" But *Wine*, immortal, as its Author, lives,
" And freſh Recruits, to all its Votaries, gives.
" Wit, Senſe, and Reaſon, Glories of the Soul!
" Govern'd by *Wine*, confeſs its ſweet Controul.

Here was each Lover of the Grape alarm'd,
And, in Defence of his dear Bottle, warm'd;
When ſolemn JASHEN from his Seat aroſe,
And ſilenc'd, thus, the Faction of his Foes.

" Conqueſts,

" Conqueſts, he ſaid, by Pow'r of *Wine* obtain'd,
" Soon loſe their Virtue, and the Place they gain'd.
" *Sleep*, potent *Sleep!* kind Nature's friendly Aid!
" Reſtores the Force, by tempting Juice betray'd.
" Tho' dull, and lazy, *It*, perhaps, appears,
" Inſtruct, ye *Rivals*, what more Victory wears.
" Does it not ev'ry bluſt'ring Paſſion bind,
" And, at its Pleaſure, ſilence all Mankind?
Again loud Murmurs ſhew'd a Party Zeal,
When JUBAL roſe, and made the next Appeal.
" Strong Arguments, to ſhew the greateſt Strength,
" At beſt, are weak, if forc'd to yield at length.
" *Water*, alone, with a reſiſtleſs Force,
" O'er boaſted Mounds, precipitates its Courſe.
" With Ruſh impetuous, did not mighty Floods
" Deluge the Plains, and ſweep o'er Hills and Woods?'

" Deep

" Deep under Waves, the Pomp of Nature ſunk,
" And Birds, and Beaſts, and Men, Deſtruction drunk.

Scarce what he ſpake had the Aſſembly heard,
Ere hot MENORAH in the Crowd, appear'd.

" 'Tis *Fire* alone Omnipotence can boaſt;
" For, by its Pow'r, all other Pow'r is loſt.
" *Fire* waſtes whole Cities, Nations, in its Way,
" And will, at laſt, make Heav'n and Earth a Prey.
" Th' united Forces, of the ſpacious Main,
" May try to conquer, but ſhall try, in vain.

Then grim THEMUTHAH, looking ſtern, began:

" Till my contending Brothers clearly can
" Produce a Pow'r, more terrible, than *Death*,
" In vain, they ſpend their argumentive Breath.
" Deſpotic, *He*, o'er this Creation reigns,
" And binds the mighty, in eternal Chains.

" Survey

" Survey his Strength, when, on the hoſtile Field,
" The proudeſt Victors to his Triumph yield.
" Think how he ſtalks, o'er dreadful Conqueſts made,
" *Himſelf* the only Terror unafraid!
" Experience ſhews my Argument is good,
" Nor can its Force, by any, be withſtood.

Here roſe a Shout, till gentle SAMAR ſpoke:

" I've heard, that *Muſick* into Hell has broke.
" Th' inexorable Gates, before it, wide
" Their Iron Folds, with dreadful Cruſh, divide:
" The tortur'd *Ghoſts*, by ſoothing Notes, were eas'd,
" And *Fates*, and *Furies*, found themſelves appeas'd.
" O'er Death, victorious danc'd the pow'rful *Airs*,
" And forc'd Obedience to a *Poet*'s Pray'rs.

Others, as Judgment, or, as Fancy, mov'd,
Declar'd their Minds to win the Prize belov'd.

But when AMANAH roſe, to urge his Claim,
SAPHIRA's Bluſhes ſhew'd her inward Flame.
Him moſt ſhe lov'd, of all the tuneful Throng,
And moſt ſhe read, tho' ſecretly, his Song.
Ne'er had her Words her Heart's Deſire confeſt;
She ſmother'd all the Ardours of her Breaſt.
The *Bard*, with equal Paſſion, inly, glow'd,
And more Confuſion, than his Fellows, ſhew'd.
He anſwer'd to the Queſtion of the King,
As Love had, oft, inſpir'd his Muſe to ſing.
" Since you, great Judge, vouchſafe a gracious Ear,
" Tho' laſt I ſpeak, I have no Cauſe to fear.
" Unbiaſs'd, you will weigh my Anſwer's Worth,
" And, as is juſt, bring your Deciſion forth.
" That glorious Prize were ill deſerv'd by me,
" Did I think, ought, but half ſo ſtrong, as ſhe,

" Reſiſtleſs

" Reſiſtleſs *Beauty!* — Thus I ſpeak my Senſe,
" And, if I fall, I fall in her Defence.
" *Woman* has Charms, which nothing can compare,
" And, of all *Women*, *ſhe*'s the faireſt Fair.
" In her fine Perſon, all *their* Charms are join'd,
" And Myriads more adorn her noble Mind.
He ſaid—The Court impatient now remain,
'Till, thus, the *King* reliev'd the common Pain.
" Let rival *Bards* no more diſpute the Prize,
" Againſt the Pow'r of bright SAPHIRA's Eyes.
" He merits beſt, who moſt her Pow'r conceives,
" Nor greater Strength, in all the World, believes.
" In her, AMANAH feels th'united Charms
" Of all her Sex— and who can fly their Arms?
" *Beauty* has Pow'r, to animate, or kill:
" *Love* is its Child, and *Love*'s a Conquerour ſtill.

The

The Sentence giv'n, the ſhouting Crowd declar'd,
How much the Royal Wiſdom was rever'd:
While, by the Hand, the *King* SAPHIRA led
To fond AMANAH, and divinely, ſaid;
" Take, lucky *Rival*, and diſtinguiſh'd *Bard*,
" Of *Love* and *Verſe*, this never match'd Reward.
He, bowing low, his Gratitude expreſt,
And *ſhe* the burning Tranſports of her Breaſt.

ON A

FLY,

Drown'd in a Lady's Eye.

I.

DEluded FLY! that thus preſum'd
T' invade celeſtial Light!
Bold PHAETON, to Ruin doom'd,
Fell not from ſuch a Height!

You

II.

You hop'd to mingle in a Flame,
And, *Phœnix* like, expire!
How vain was your ambitious Aim?
How ſtrange to drown in Fire?

III.

So ICHARUS, becauſe he try'd
To trace a trackleſs Way,
Was all, at once, like you, deſtroy'd
By Sun-beams, and by Sea.

IV.

Yet happy you, who, now at Reſt,
So ſweet a Tomb can boaſt.
By CHLOE's Cruelty you're bleſt,
As by your Raſhneſs loſt.

Let

V.

Let Lovers learn, by yours, their Fate;
'Tis CHLOE's Pride to ſlay.
Domitian like, ſhe leaves her State,
And ſtoops to any Prey.

To a young LADY, *on her Marriage with an old Gentleman.*

I.

SINCE all thy Fiſhing but a Frog hath catch'd,
Aurora, now, have I not Cauſe to rage?
Shou'd I not grieve, to ſee thy Morning match'd
With one, who's in the Evening of his Age?

Shou'd

II.

Shou'd hoary Hairs, the Meſſengers of Death,
Mix with thy Locks, whoſe Colour is like Gold?
Shou'd Wrinkles bath in thy ambroſial Breath,
And Life be lengthen'd to an Oaf, ſo old?

III.

Muſt He, who's Jealous, thro' his own Defect,
Thy Beauty's unſtain'd Treaſure only taſte?
And, as he fumbles heavily, ſuſpect,
That others ſhare a Portion of his Feaſt.

IV.

More than my own, her Fortune I deplore,
Who, now condemn'd to monumental Arms,
Hears the dull Sot upon her Boſom ſnore,
Unconſcious of his Duty, and her blooming Charms.

II.

THE KISS:

OR, THE SHEPHERD's *Cure.*

I.

IN that ſoft Seaſon of the Year,
When Nature ſmiles, and all is gay,
As COLIN watch'd his fleecy Care,
And ſung, and play'd, the Hours away,
The noble SYLVIA chas'd the Hare,
And paſs'd the Hillock where he lay.

II. Thought

II.

Thought ne'er had rack'd the Shepherd's Brain,
Love had not yet ſurpriz'd his Heart:
But ſoon as SYLVIA ſcowr'd the Plain,
Her Beauties ſtruck him like a Dart.
He wonder'd Charms ſhou'd cauſe ſuch Pain,
And labour'd to conceal his Smart.

III.

Alas! th'Idea, fix'd ſo deep
In COLIN's Mind, would not remove;
He broke his Pipe, forgot his Sheep,
And languiſh'd in a neighbouring Grove;
Sometimes wou'd ſigh, ſometimes wou'd weep;
But did not know He was in Love.

IV.

The ſocial Swains around him came,
And, ſimpathizing, aſk'd his Caſe.
One wou'd divert his Mind with Game,

Another his Diſtemper trace.
But none perceiv'd the hidden Flame,
Tho' baſhful Love o'erſpread his Face.

V.

For twice two Weeks he knew no Reſt;
He pin'd away with ſilent Grief;
But weak and wan, at laſt, confeſt,
And bid the Swains purſue the Thief.
The Nymph, he ſaid, divinely dreſt,
That ſtole my Heart, can yield Relief.

VI.

I ſeek not vainly to be lov'd
By one ſo fair, and great, as ſhe:
But, ſince her Charms ſo fatal prov'd,
Oh! let her not too cruel be.
If, by poor COLIN's Suff'rings mov'd,
She'd grant a Kiſs, 'twou'd ſet me free.

VII.

This ſaid, He bluſh'd, and ſunk with Shame,
To think the World ſhould know his Care:
He fear'd the Swains wou'd mock his Flame,
And her Refuſal breed Deſpair.
Ah! who ſuch harmleſs Love could blame?
Wou'd SYLVIA prove leſs mild, than fair?

VIII.

Thro' all the Plains the News was ſpread,
The Swains and Nymphs lament his Fate;
'Twas told to SYLVIA He was dead, —
What Pity did the News create?
Why came not COLIN? SYLVIA ſaid —
Or, why heard I the News ſo late?

IX.

Her Sorrows, ſoon to COLIN brought,
With Hopes of Pity fix'd his Mind.
Sure, if ſhe grieves, (He rightly thought)

She cannot, will not, prove unkind.
Then SYLVIA's Bow'r, the Shepherd ſought,
And had the Kiſs, for which he pin'd.

X.

Now cur'd, and grown himſelf again,
He ſings and plays beſide his Flocks,
With SYLVIA's Name is fill'd the Plain,
With SYLVIA's Name reſound the Rocks.
No other Goddeſs aids his Strain,
No other Goddeſs He invokes.

—

To a SINGING BIRD.

An ANACREONTIC.

PRETTY, pleaſant, Warbler, why
Sing We, without Liberty?
Thou, for Him, who Thee detains!
I, for Her, whoſe Charms are Chains!
Ah! How diſproportion'd are
Notes of Pleaſure, and of Care?
Whilſt Thou ſing'ſt, thy Heart is glad:
Mine, alas! depreſs'd and ſad.
Thou, by ſinging, liv'ſt — but I
Languiſh, and deſpair, and die.

A

MEMORIAL *to* VIRTUE,

Unfiniſhed.

THY boaſted Glories, VIRTUE, I have ſeen,
And long amid' thy zealous Votaries been.
Whatever Sages, in thy Praiſe, have ſaid,
Eager, I learnt; and, what they taught, obey'd.
For faithful Service, and intenſe Regard,
I'm bold, at laſt, to claim a juſt Reward.
Naked, and poor, I've waited, in thy Train;
But ſhall I always indigent remain?
Muſt I be forc'd, as Millions have before,
To give the fruitleſs, fond, Dependance o'er?

Well

Well do'ſt thou know how honeſt I have prov'd! »
How much thy Nature is, by mine belov'd!
I wou'd not leave Thee, wou'd'ſt Thou Victuals give;
But flowry Speeches cannot make me live.
I muſt have more than Words, to keep me true: »
Shadows, without ſome Subſtance, will not do.
The World derides me, while I *gratis* wait;
I'm pointed at, as VIRTUE's Slave of State!
My old Companions fly me, as a Peſt;
And my dull Morals prove the common Jeſt.
« Wilt thou — they cry — be ſingularly good,
« And ſtand alone, diſtinguiſh'd from the Crowd?
« Think how to thrive, by Methods more ſecure. »
« VIRTUE is fair, but miſerably poor!
« Beſides, her Rules are hardly worth thy Care; »
« For ſprightly Youth, and Humour, too ſevere!

« And

" And, tho' Contentment, in your ſelf, you find,
" Not one of Millions will be of your Mind.
" The World will call your ſtudied Goodneſs, Pride,
" And ſober Life, as ſly Deſign, deride:
" And 'twere but vain, to ſtrive againſt the Tide.
I anſwer: Wealth and Honours are by Fate
Contriv'd, to give inſipid Coxcombs Weight:
They only ſerve, to fill the Want of Senſe,
And wait, like Slaves, on fawning Impudence:
That VIRTUE, ev'n in Rags, commands Regard,
And is, it ſelf, its own immenſe Reward.
This they call Cant, a mere deluſive Dream:
" Single, but out — they ſay — the greateſt Name,
" And mark, how poorly VIRTUE crown'd his Deeds!
" And thence infer, how ill Deſert ſucceeds.
" Was *Cæſar* virtuous? What Reward had He?
" How dy'd the Hero? — For, at Death, we ſee

" Whe-

" Whether the Man meets happy Fate, or no:
" What boots a Glory, that, at Death, muſt go?
" Or ſay, deluded Mortal, was he bleſt,
" Whoſe Virtue *Cæſar*'s Perſon moſt oppreſt?
" Dy'd *Brutus* happier than the envied Man?
" Reſolve us this, you Zealot, if you can.
" Have not the Good and Bad a common Fate?
" And be they not moſt happy, who be Great?
" Take you the VIRTUE, leave us the Eſtate.

Tell me, fair *Goddeſs*, how to make Reply,
And timely ſave, or quickly I muſt fly.
Better to ſhun the Learning of thy School,
Than ſtarve in Life, and die a knowing Fool.

An ODE,

(*In Alluſion to the* 2*d of* HORACE)

To His Royal Highneſs

The PRINCE of WALES,

In the Year 1729.

Quem vocet Divum Populus ruentis
Imperi Rebus? —— —— Hor. Ode 2. Lib. 1.
—— *Præſens Divus habebitur*
Auguſtus —— —— Ib. Ode 5. Lib. 3.

I.

ENOUGH, his Wrath Almighty God
Has pour'd upon a Rebel Race:
BRITANNIA reels beneath the Load,
And, ſinking, ſupplicates his Grace.

The

II.

The humbled Nation, now, too late,
In dire Effects its Folly finds;
We mourn the Mis'ry of our State,
And curſe the raſh, projective, Minds.

III.

Our *Babylon* had towr'd ſo high,
So Lawleſs was our Conduct grown,
'Twas fit that Judgment from the Sky
Shou'd cruſh the weak Supporters down.

IV.

How keen we labour'd to be Great,
By preying on our Neighbour's Store?
To what curſt Heights we puſh'd our Fate,
And roſe, to make our Fall the more?

O'er

V.

O'er all the Banks the Waters broke,
And delug'd quite the fruitful Plain;
Strong Damms cou'd ſcarce reſiſt the Shock,
And Mounds were rear'd, but rear'd in vain.

VI.

As Clouds obſcure Meridian Rays,
Merit became the common Jeſt:
Fortune look'd kind on knaviſh Ways,
And Blockheads have ſucceeded beſt.

VII.

They, who, at Diſtance, ſaw the Scene,
And mark'd what foreign Sharpers won,
Fear'd Conqueſts might be made again,
Or we, by Civil War undone.

VIII.

The Nobles, who with Rabble join'd,
To gather in the golden Show'r,
Are whelm'd alike in Grief of Mind,
Alike moſt miſerably Poor.

IX.

His private Suff'rings who can bear?
Or what the publick Loſs retrieve?
Whom ſhall we beg our Cries to hear?
What Pow'r our ruin'd State will ſave?

X.

In vain, we look to neighbouring Lands ——
They labour in the like Diſtreſs;
Or mock our Mis'ry, ſince our Hands
Have wrought the Woes, our Tongues confeſs.

——S Kind

XI.

Kind Heav'n, whom will thy Pity ſend
To lift BRITANNIA's drooping Head?
What living Patriot can defend?
Or wilt thou raiſe one from the Dead?

XII.

Ye Miniſters of State awake,
And prove the Virtues you poſſeſs:
'Tis Yours to act for BRITAIN's Sake,
And all our Grievances redreſs.

XIII.

O *S*——, thou favour'd Peer!
Thy Honeſty and Pow'r exert:
Now is the Time thy Fame to clear,
And ſhow you have our Weal at Heart.

XIV.

S———e, renown'd in Peace and War!
Adorn'd with ev'ry liberal Art!
More, if you can, your ſelf endear,
By acting, now, a Patriot's Part.

XV.

N———le, here, your Intereſt try:
You cannot too officious prove:
With Fortune raiſe your Honour high,
And win, by Merit, laſting Love.

XVI.

O *P——r*, Oracle of Law,
Convince us of the Skill you boaſt,
And from the Depths of Ruin, draw
Our publick Credit, ere 'tis loſt.

XVII.

A——e, thou dear, diſtinguiſh'd Chief,
Whoſe Sword was never drawn in vain,
Whoſe Counſel can afford Relief,
The Ballance of our State maintain.

XVIII.

Britannia's Caſe, at Home, O *S——r*,
Regard, and ſure Aſſiſtance ſend,
If yet, from *Europe*'s grand Affair,
You can your godlike Thoughts unbend.

XIX.

Thy Patriot-Zeal, and Conduct, now
When Matters at a Criſis ſtand,
In future Management, beſtow,
O *W——e*, for a groaning Land.

XX.

But ah! in vain, we look below,
And Aid from mortal Hands implore;
To Pow'r ſuperior we muſt go,
That, only, can our Bliſs reſtore.

XXI.

When ſhall *Britannia* ſee again
Her Monarch come renown'd from far,
Whoſe Abſence aggravates her Pain,
In whom her Hopes all center'd are?

XXII.

Let ne'er ſucceeding Times record,
Or neighbouring Pow'rs in Triumph boaſt,
That *G——e*, like an unfaithful Lord,
In G——y, his *B———n* loſt.

XXIII.

O WALES, *Auguſtus* of our Days,
Vouchſafe to caſt an Eye abroad,
And, by the Brightneſs of your Rays,
Aſſert your Self a ſecond God,

XXIV.

While your great Sire prolongs his Stay
At Courts, leſs worthy preſent Care,
The People, you was born to ſway,
To you addreſs their ardent Pray'r.

XXV.

Be it your Glory, to confound
The Foes of Royalty, and Peace:
Make publick Credit yet renown'd,
Our Trade revive, our Murmuring ceaſe.

O when,

XXVI.

O when, beneath *Auguſtus'* Wing,
Shall Siſter-Arts illuſtrious riſe?
When ſhall the ſacred Muſes ſing,
In *Britiſh*, as in *Roman*, Skies.

To the Right Honourable

CHARLES,

Earl of *Lauderdale*, &c.

WITH A

SATIRE, (written by another Hand) on the *Upſtart Gentry*, Anno Dom. 1720.

LET others, in their mercenary Lays,
Cringe for *Preferment*, and run mad for *Praiſe*.

A *Bard*, that, but to merit, ſcorns to bow,
Is proud, my *Lord*, to Tune his Voice to *you*,

To

To *you*, who, far unlike the *Vulgar Great*,
Can boaſt a Soul diſtinguiſh'd as your State;
And, by a long *Hereditary Right*,
Claim the firſt Homage of the *Verſe* I write.

'Tis not for *me*, a skill-leſs Youth, to trace
Back to its Source, your old, illuſtrious *Race*,
And raſhly, on a feeble, unfledg'd Wing,
Attempt your *Honours* and *Deſerts* to ſing.
I, who ſmall Intereſt in *Parnaſſus* ſhare,
Sing, but ſometimes, to charm away my Care,
And ne'er to high diſtinguiſh'd Fame aſpire,
Muſt be content, at Diſtance, to admire.
I view the tow'ring *Genius* with Delight,
But dare not riſe to an *Icarian* Height;
And, tho' t'illuſtrate Merit I deſpair,
Yet boaſt I can diſcern it, and revere.

Be this my Praiſe, that I with Juſtice claim
To Love; tho' not adorn, your noble Name.
'Tis Part of Virtue, Virtue to explore,
And, what we cannot higher raiſe, adore.

But while, my *Lord*, I own my rude Eſſays,
And weak Pretenſions to the ſacred *Bays*,
My *Muſe* another's better Work commends
To *you*, on whoſe Indulgence ſhe depends.
Here, in fair Colours, ſuited to their State,
A *Brother-Bard* deſcribes the *Ignoble Great*:
How *mimick Patriots*, in gilt Chariots, ride,
Forget the *Dunghils*, and *themſelves*, thro' Pride.
O how unlike, how far remov'd from thine,
The *Upſtarts'* Features riſe in every Line!
What *Giants* bownce, who were but *Pigmies* born,
Below our *Envy*, and ſcarce worth our *Scorn!*

But, as the *Gemm* appears diſtinctly bright,
'Midſt vulgar *Stones*, involv'd in Shades of Night;
True *Greatneſs* moſt ſuperior Worth diſplays,
When with falſe *Luſtre* we compare its *Rays.*
Pleas'd, I behold the Oppoſition ſtand,
Approve the Work, and bleſs the *Maſter*'s Hand.
No better I my *Fondneſs* cou'd expreſs!
No fitter Name for *Patronage* addreſs!

Pardon, my *Lord*, th' Ambition of my Mind:
Duty and *Love* can hardly be confin'd;
They preſs officious, where true Merit dwels,
And are more rude, the more the Man excels.

Tho' none on *Flatt'rers* looks with greater Pain,
And views *unletter'd Lords* with more diſdain;
I wou'd Encomiums, well deſerv'd, beſtow,
Nor think it ſervile to be praiſing *you.*

Impure *Allays* may nobleſt Coin debaſe;
But upright *Sterling* with Applauſe will paſs.
The Man, whoſe Vertues ſhew his noble Blood,
Can riſque his Fortune for his Country's Good;
Abhors all ſelfiſh, mean and private Ends;
Relieves the Needy, and obliges Friends;
Ne'er from the golden Rules of Order ſwerves;
Nor fears the Stings of Envy, nor deſerves;
Who ev'ry Thing at its juſt Value rates;
Nor courts blind Fortune's bounteous Gifts, nor Hates;
And, 'midſt the Charms of Nature, and of Art,
Is modeſt ſtill, and humble in his Heart:
'Tis *He*, that beſt deſerves our choſen Lays —
A Man, ſo great, 'tis impious not to Praiſe.
No feign'd Perfections, from another brought,
Need here, to make a Character, be wrought.

Tun'd

Tun'd to his Name, no *Flattery* ſtains the Lyre,
Nor *Compliment* ſupplies pretended Fire.
He all the *Muſes'* Homage ſhou'd receive,
If I cou'd write, and you, my Lord, forgive.

TO

TO

Mr. ALLAN RAMSAY.

EADING your Works, and looking o'er the Liſt
Of generous Patrons, who your Muſe aſſiſt,
I felt a Pleaſure, thrilling thro' my Veins,
That, by Degrees, inſpir'd the following Strains.
The following Strains, ingenious Bard, impart,
Without Reſerve, the Language of my Heart.
No Seaſon's late, to prove my Muſe your Friend;
'Tis yours to pardon what I fondly ſend.

A friendly

A friendly Letter needs no ſtudied Phraſe:
Art looks affected in familiar Lays.
To diff'rent Themes a diff'rent Style is fit,
And he, who hits it, is the wiſeſt Wit.
What obvious Blunders ſome conceited Bards,
Who rhime for Sport, or ſcribble for Rewards,
For Want of genuine Inſpiration make?
They, like Night-Wanderers *This* for *That* miſtake.
Sliding, they fall, and, in their ſoaring, ſtrain.
Their Toil is trivial, and their Pleaſure Pain.
Deſcribing Streams, and drawing Carpet-ground,
They bounce the Air, and dun our Ears with ſound.
Attempting Scenes of Blood and Death to ſing,
They cool our Spirits, as they moult their Wing.
The Bard, who knows his Muſes' Strength aright,
Proportions well his Language to his Flight:

Beyond his Sphere he labours not to ſhine.
This Praiſe, O *Ramſay*, is deſerv'dly thine.
Knowing the Themes adapted to your Skill,
None elſe you ſing, and never ſing 'em ill.
Nature ſits eaſy in what you rehearſe,
And ſmiles Diſtinction on your flowing Verſe.
Writing to you, your happy Way I'd chuſe;
Who copies Thine, has Nature for his Muſe.
Thoughts from the Subject, Words from Thoughts ariſe,
The Words all Muſick, and the Thoughts all Wiſe.

By various Avocations, leiſure Time
Is not allow'd me, to declare in Rhime,
How much I value each, particular, Piece!
How frequent Readings more Deſire encreaſe!
What Beauties glow in ev'ry finiſh'd Line!
What Judgment form'd, and manag'd, each Deſign!

The mighty Task, for caſual Verſe unfit,
Requires much Time, and more than *B——t*'s Wit.
B——t, in friendly Frolick, ſhow'd his Skill —
I leave to Criticks, whether well, or ill.
'Tis mine to praiſe — for what is got by Spite?
For Pleaſure, not to ſully Fame, I write.
Like you, I look on ſurly Cenſurers down,
Yet, more than others, cou'd reproach my own.
Good Senſe and Nature, like eternal Truth,
Will always flouriſh with unfading Youth.
True Worth the Teſt of Time will bravely ſtand,
And ſilent Rev'rence from its Foes command.
But, if I may diſtinguiſh, from the Reſt,
A Maſter-piece, or, what I think is beſt:
Tho' all you've writ deſerve my *Muſe*'s Praiſe,
My favourite * *Chriſt*'s *Kirk* merits moſt the Bays.

* A Poem, by Mr. *Ramſay*.

There

There Nature ſhines, and *there* the Charms of Art.
Diſplay Low-life, and catch the Reader's Heart.
Humour gives Judgment an engaging Grace,
And royal * JAMES to you reſigns his Place.
Rare Prince, whoſe Bays were richer than his Crown!
Rare Bard, to whom that Prince transfers Renown!
So *Merit* ever ſtronger proves than *Name*,
And Fame it ſelf admits Degrees of Fame.
While I, with Juſtice, what is publiſh'd praiſe,
I blame the Want, I mourn for, in your Lays.
Profuſe of comick and diverting Wit,
You ſeldom on a ſerious Subject hit.
Seldom a Thought on Life's great Buſineſs ſpend.
So far you diſregard the *Muſes'* End,
(Nor for my Freedom think me leſs your Friend.)

* King *James* the Fifth of *Scotland*, began the Poem call'd CHRIST'S KIRK.

From

From Heav'n your ſacred Inſpiration came.
Too faint Returns you breathe of heav'nly Flame.
Facetious Lines we, once, with Joy repeat;
They're gay Deſerts, but too, too, weakly Meat!
Religious, Verſe from ſuch a popular Pen,
Might, more than Preaching, tame ungovern'd Men.
Your ſad Neglect, it ſeems, the *Clergy* took——
I find no *Rev'rend* Names before your Book.
If e'er the World a ſecond Volume crave,
Dear RAMSAY, ſhow you ſometimes can be grave.
PRIOR, a Bard of equal Fame! is proud
T' appear, on ſome Occaſions, greatly good.
And HILL, himſelf, his *Seraph* Muſe employs
On ſacred Themes, and ſpurns at trifling Joys.
Humour awhile may, like a Meteor, laſt,
But ſolemn Verſe will ever ſtand the Teſt.

Thus antient Poets gain'd eternal Fame:
The nobleſt Garlands crown the nobleſt Flame.

I, thrown by Fate amid the *Syren* Charms,
Too oft, like you, forſake Religion's Arms.
Nor feel I Pain for ev'ry devious Verſe,
That Friends, or Humour, tempt me to rehearſe.

Yet, when cool Judgment rules my Muſe again,
With SALEM's King, I own, that all is vain.
We never more improve the Talents giv'n,
Than, when our Works are moſt ally'd to Heav'n.
While perſecuted by malicious Tongues
Of partial Zealots, for my well-meant Songs,
To You, no Bigot, I declare my Mind,
And prove my Foes diſhoneſt, as unkind:
But *Prieſts* will ſtill, where Craft prevails, be blind.
Whom they reſolve to baniſh from their *Fold*,
No Means can ſave, but pow'rful Bribes of Gold.

Good

Good Senſe, and Truth in naked Dreſs, in vain,
'Gainſt holy Wrath their Stations wou'd maintain.
Ill-temper'd Zeal, like Powder fir'd, drives on;
The Object, mark'd, is ſure to be undone.

But whither does my Fancy, reinleſs, rove?
How far from firſt Intention am I drove?
Minds, one way turn'd, the Forms of Art forget:
Freedom of Speech makes Intercourſe compleat.
So Rivers, meeting, mix their mighty Store,
And o'er the Mounds in rude *Meanders* roar.

O happy RAMSAY, whom no Sects purſue!
To whom all Parties yield a righteous Due!
Plac'd in a lucky Sphere of Life, you ſhine:
The Great and Small to raiſe your Fame combine,
The lowly, one of their own Rank admire,
For 'tis but rare they boaſt celeſtial Fire.

The noble Smile, to ſee themſelves outſhone,
And, more than Art, the Pow'r of Nature own.
All gladly give the Palm your Genius claims,
And none your Muſes' gay Productions blames.
Whate'er is wanting, what ſhe ſings is well,
And ſhews the Seeds that in your Boſom dwell.
A Man's a Man, altho' not ſev'n Foot high —
Anacreon was no Dwarf in Poetry.
Tho' HOMER ſhone the mighty Soul of Verſe,
The *minor Poets* ſweetly could rehearſe.
Without HILL's Strength, and POPE's harmonious Flow,
The Muſe's Fire in GAY and *Me* may glow.
Proceed, my Friend, to tame the ſavage Foes,
Who grin at all but their cogenial Proſe;
Reform the Taſte of CALEDONIA's Brood:
Your Way muſt take, as eaſieſt underſtood.

By

By ſmall Degrees, the Language will refine,
'Till *Sterling Engliſh* in our Numbers ſhine.
Then, ev'n our vulgar, ſhall, delighted, read
More poliſh'd Strains, and on their Beauties feed.
I joy to ſee the *Scotian* Youth diſplay
Such early Dawnings of a glorious Day!
Great Things from Promiſe of their Muſe is due!
Things! to a long, beclouded Nation new!
The World ſhall own, that as our Soldiers fight,
Our riſing Poets, as illuſtrious, write.
The Senate, Pulpit, and the Bar, ſhall tell
What Energy can make the Man excel.
They, who their Boaſt to Inſpiration owe,
Shall, o'er their Fellows, juſt Diſtinction ſhow.
Succeed my Wiſhes, ye propitious Pow'rs,
And make, at length, the *Britiſh* Glory ours.

I, late, an humble Helper to the Nine,
Who joy'd to ſee my Country's Glory ſhine,
Fond, to my Pow'r, to wipe Reproach away,
And 'midſt the Snows a blazing Flame diſplay,
Now, doom'd by my inexorable Foes,
Attach'd to Dullneſs, and enſlav'd by Proſe,
Have bid my Friends and native Air adieu,
And Fortune in more gracious Realms purſue;
Here, from my Feet, the Duſt, with Sorrow, throw,
And, where ſtiff *Cant* can never reach me, go.
Where'er, O RAMSAY, Chance my Courſe may bend,
Be thou, as I am, an unſhaken Friend.
Away Deſpair, inglorious Fears, be gone,
I'll hope the beſt.—'Tis Virtue leads me on!

A

HYMN

TO THE

MUSES.

I.

LET Praiſe and Glory be aſcrib'd
To Siſter Muſes, three Times three!
Whoſe ſacred Energy, imbib'd,
Has made a tuneful Bard of me.

II.

See! ſee! the mighty Charmers ſit,
With Inſtruments of heav'nly Make,
Around the holy Well of Wit,
And, from dull Proſe, their Votaries wake!

III.

By them inſpir'd, my Soul takes Wing,
And, thro' the Air, triumphant, flies!
How Mortals gape, to hear me ſing!
And ſtare, to ſee me mount the Skies!

IV.

While Sacrifices, to your Praiſe
Are offer'd, by my grateful Pen,
Adorn, ye Nine, with verdant Bays,
Your Prieſt, for Evermore, *Amen.*

TO

Mr. *M*------

M— regard what honeſt MITCHELL ſays,
No *Hireling* he, no *Proſtitute* for Praiſe!—
With ſtrong, and healthy *Conſtitution* bleſt,
Nor *Colds*, nor *Claps*, have yet your Youth diſtreſt.
Bravely ſucceſsful, now, you hold a Strife
With all the Ills, that peſt *gallantiſh* Life.
Yet be adviſ'd, to act with cautious Care,
And, timely, for the worſt Events prepare.
Diſeaſes ſteal upon the human Frame,
And, ſlighted long, like ÆTNA, vomit Flame.
Danger is ſureſt, when th' Approach is ſlow;
'Tis beſt to ſhun a meditated Blow.

Next,

Next, tho' your *Dreſs*, extravagantly gay,
Outrivals others, both at Court, and Play,
(A harmleſs Pleaſure, that the gentle Muſe
Will ne'er to ſprightly Youths, like you, refuſe.)
Yet, O, beware of Pride's preſumptuous Spring,
Nor rate your Value by ſo vain a Thing.
What Wiſdom dictates but ſedately ſcan,
You'll find, that *Cloaths* ne'er conſtituted *Man*.
Virtue is not, by pompous *Drapery*, ſhown;
The *Mind*'s the Standard, which makes *Merit* known.
Chiefly, dear Youth, beware of ſnaring *Game*,
Nor riſque too far thy *Fortune*, and thy *Fame*.
What tho' Succeſs has thy *Adventures* crown'd,
'Tis difficult to *ſtand on ſlipp'ry Ground*.
By *Syren* Charms, the wiſe have oft been ſnar'd,
Mankind can ne'er be too much on their Guard,
And Safety lyes in being well prepar'd.

Foreſee

Foreſee your Danger with Diſcernment's Eye,
The Ruin's large, when Mortals fall from high.
'Tis Prudence to ſecure a certain Store,
And hazard only little Sums, for more.
Better to loſe a Trifle, than to run
The Riſque of being all, at once, undone.
M— theſe Truths, tho' cloath'd in ſimple Rhime,
Will uſeful prove, if ponder'd well, in Time.
If e'er their Force command your due Regard,
Remember MITCHELL was a friendly *Bard*,
Who ſought not, but in *Virtue*'s ſelf, Reward.

TO

TO

Mr. M------L.

THO', under Stars auſpicious, born,
And beſt *Brocades* thy Back adorn;
Tho' *Slander* can't thy *Outſide* blame,
And *Fortune* favours Thee, in *Game*;
Tho' *Ladies* view Thee with Delight,
And wiſh Thee with 'em all the Night;
Tho' *Beau's*, at Bottle, and at Play,
Court thy lov'd Preſence all the Day:
Yet *Something* ſtill is unpoſſeſt,
That might give Sanction to the reſt;
That cruel *Something*, not obtain'd,
Eclipſes all the Glories gain'd;

For

For Want of *Fame* is but Diſgrace
To Charms of Perſon, Purſe, or Place.

Truſt me, gay Youth, the World is vain,
And Life's a Courſe of Care and Pain;
A Bubble all, that breaks and dies,
Unleſs the Man immortal riſe.
The Brave and Wiſe, in ev'ry Age,
Have try'd the Goddeſs to engage;
Ambition, worthy human Minds!
What few, among the many, finds.

But two Ways only *Fame* is won!
By deathleſs *Verſe*, and *Actions* done:
Happy are they, who nobly ſtrive,
To keep themſelves, by *Worth*, alive!
Whoſe *proper* Works, and Virtues, claim
A Title to the Prize of *Fame!*

But ah! how rare is native *Worth?*
How ſeldom are the *Great* brought forth?
O *M*——— can'ſt thou not ſucceed,
By ſome bright, meritorious, Deed,
Find'ſt thou it hard to grow divine
By any glorious Act of thine?
Then hire a *Bard*, whom Heav'n inſpires,
With ſacred Raptures, holy Fires;
To *Him* thy *Life*, thy *Fame*, commit;
He'll raiſe Thee by *immortal Wit!*
Great AGAMEMNON'S ſelf had dy'd,
If HOMER had not Death defy'd:
Nor had we heard MECENAS' Name,
Had HORACE not transfer'd his Fame.
'Tis poor to live obſcure, unknown,
And die remember'd, prais'd, by none.

Thou

Thou eaſily thy ſelf can'ſt ſave,
From dull Oblivion, in the Grave.
The Pow'r of Verſe may ſet thee free!——
Others have *Bards*——*Thou* may'ſt have *Me.*
What tho' I ſing Thee not, for Nought?
Is *Immortality* dear bought?
Shall ſimple Shakeing of the *Dice*
But once, for *me*, be thought high Price?
Does *M*—— rate his *Game* ſo high,
To grudge a *Chance* for ſuch as *I?*
No ſure——altho' 'twere but in Jeſt,
Win *fifty* Pounds for *Me*, at leaſt.
CHA— I dare be bold to ſwear,
Wou'd hardly judge a *Thouſand* dear.
For *Fame*'s a Gem, ſo rich and rare,
No Coſt can earn it every where.

If *M*——loves it, ſpeak in Time,——
To *Morrow* I may want my Rhime.
Perhaps too, *Chance* may play the Jade,
And thy *Succeſs* run Retrogade.

To His Grace

JOHN,

Duke of ARGYLE *and* GREENWICH.

With Verſes on Mr. KENNETH CAMPBELL's poſthumous Money.

ILluſtrious CAMPBELL! like thy noble Race,
Soldier and *Stateſman*, fam'd in *War* and *Peace!*
Patriot of publick *Liberty* and *Law!*
The *good Man*'s Refuge, and the *Villain's* Awe!
In *Arts* and *Sciences* a Maſter own'd!
For *Taſte*, *Politeneſs*, and *Addreſs* renown'd!
Standard of *Honour!* Darling of the *Brave!*
Lov'd by the *Fair!* The Friend, that *Poets* crave,
Whoſe very Looks their Labours damn or ſave!

Deign to accept the Homage of a *Bard*,
Who never *baſely* truckled for Reward,
Nor, by a *venal Verſe*, wou'd buy Regard:
Who, ev'n to *Thee*, a *ſordid Song* diſdains,
To *Thee!* whoſe *Name* might ſanctify his Strains;
Whoſe gracious Smiles wou'd popular Praiſe beſtow,
And make his Mole-hill Fame a Mountain grow!
By *flatt'ring Pow'r*, let others earn *Renown* —
Let me *deſerve* it, or remain *unknown.*
Ne'er may my *Muſe*, or Fame or Fortune ſhare,
Which *Merit* gave her not Pretence to wear.
But, ſure, there's *Merit* in an *honeſt Aim:*
A *juſt Ambition* makes a *rightful Claim.*
Why then neglected have I lain ſo long?
Or why ſo late, to *Thee* addreſs'd my *Song?*
To *Thee*, who (wert thou but my Patron) ſoon
Cou'd make my *Midnight* brighten into *Noon.*

Ah no! Elſe why did CAMPBELL die ſo poor;
—But CAMPBELL had no pleading *Merit*, ſure!
Had he *deſerv'd*, ARGYLE had fill'd his *Fob*,
And made a DIVES of the wretched JOB.

VERSES,

On Sight of an *Half-Penny*, found in Mr. KENNETH CAMPBELL's Pocket, after his Death.

The following Inſcription was engrav'd upon it by a ſurviving Friend.

" KENNETHUS CAMPBELL, *Scoto-Montanus,*
" *Poeta Romanus, celeberrimus; Poetice pauperime,*
" *ſed hilariter, vixit: Tandemque, hoc Obolo, tantum*
" *Locuples! ex Londino migravit in Elyſium,* 28 Kal.
" Jul. 1721.

ONE Half-Penny was CAMPBELL's
lateſt Store!
A poor Eſtate!—but HOMER had
no more!

From

From Town to Town, the old, dark, *Grecian* ſtrol'd,
And, Piecemeal, firſt, his Ballad *Iliad* ſold.
Dire Fate of Genius! wond'rous ſtrange—but true!
Rarely to meet, 'till after Death, its Due!
The moſt deſerving, often, ſuffers moſt;
For Sterling Worth, on half Mankind, is loſt.
Blockheads and Fools were favour'd and admir'd,
When Heav'n-born Bards, in Penury, expir'd.
O let it not, in foreign Lands, be ſaid,
The *Britiſh* Poets ſcarce are bleſt with Bread.
From *France*, and *Italy*, with-hold the News,
Leſt Strangers triumph o'er our Taſte, and Muſe.
Tell not, that BACON miſerably dy'd!
SPENCER was ſtarv'd! and JOHNSON's Art deſcry'd!
Neglected, and obſcure, great MILTON lay:
He writ to Moles, who cou'd not gaze his Day!

BUTLER, the Prince of Pleaſantry and Wit,
Was damn'd by thoſe, for whom he, zealous, writ:
In a mean Garret he reſign'd his Breath,
And was ev'n grudg'd a Burying after Death!
The Church, he ſerv'd, to Merit, prov'd ſo blind!
But ſeldom Church, and Charity, are joyn'd!
OTWAY, in tragic Numbers, match'd by none,
Whoſe poor MONIMIA never wept alone,
For his own Wants, cou'd never move a Tear!
Like Adders deaf, all ſtop'd a gracious Ear.
At laſt, from all the World, he ſtep'd aſide,
And, quite diſcourag'd, in an Ale-Houſe, dy'd.
LEE, fir'd with an Enthuſiaſtic Rage,
Was judg'd a Madman, by a madder Age,
That made him beg, from Door to Door, his Bread,
And die, at laſt, upon the Streets, in Need.

Fam'd

Fam'd WICHERLY, in Satyr's Province great,
Seven Years, in Priſon, ſtruggled with his Fate;
While worthleſs Scriblers flouriſh'd in the Town,
And, from his Ruins, ſcrap'd their vile Renown.
DRYDEN—who does not mighty DRYDEN know?
From whom, with Eaſe, harmonious Numbers flow,
Who both the Language, and the Muſe, improv'd,
Whoſe Reaſon charm'd the Men! whoſe Lays the
Virgins lov'd!
By his Cotemporaries was deſpis'd,
And, oft, to mobbiſh Rivals ſacrific'd.
Never at Eaſe his Circumſtances were:
His poor Eſtate cou'd ſcarce his Corps inter.
Yet, on his Funeral, who were not profuſe?
His Duſt they worſhip'd, when they ſtarv'd his Muſe!
Prepoſterous Piety! to give one Meat,
But not before he is too old to eat!

TATE, honeſt TATE! in Spite of Virtue, preſs'd,
Neglected, liv'd, and dy'd, at length, diſtreſs'd.
His being good exeem'd him not from Woe:
Men minded him no more, for being ſo!
He was found guilty of the common Vice
Of Poetry—Enough to damn him twice!
PHILLIPS, whoſe Name, while Cyder's drunk, and while
One ſplendid Shilling's found in *Britain*'s Iſle,
Shall ever live, with an un-envy'd Praiſe,
Like his ill-fated Brothers, pin'd away his Days.
It is not ſtrange to ſee a Poet ſad:
Oppreſſion makes the wiſeſt Spirit mad!
To ſee a Blockhead, or a Fool, in Place,
While, he, in Spite of Merit, meets Diſgrace;
What Man of Soul, and conſcious of Deſert,
Can keep, in Tune, the Paſſions of his Heart?

But

But what has been, will evermore be done——
Britons, like *Jews*, will worſhip Stock, or Stone,
Or *Satan*'s ſelf—but grudge a juſt Regard
To GOD Almighty, and his favourite Bard!
Be ſure the Poet is the leaſt admir'd,
Whom Heav'n, with an uncommon Flame, inſpir'd.

CAMPBELL! let others, in the vulgar Cant,
Condemn your Conduct, and deride your Want—
I'll ſing your Genius, ſpite of all Mankind;
Not wonder why you left no *more* behind,
But how, at Death, *this* Half-Penny remains,
To fraught your Shade to the *Elyſian* Plains!
When Tomb-Stones, Monuments, and Pillars, waſte,
Your poor, Poetic, Legacy ſhall laſte:
The Muſes' Sons, at *Glaſgow*'s learned Seat,
Will ſave the ſacred Relict from conſuming Fate.

AN EPITAPH ON A GLUTTON.

HERE lies a Man, who cou'd devour
A Month's Proviſion, in an Hour.
A Calf, of *Pharo*'s lean-ribb'd Kine,
That ſwallow'd, at each Bit, a Chine;
Yet Men thought Famine was his Caſe,
So meagre look'd his harpy Face.
When Meat is dear, and Money rare,
We well his Company might ſpare;

As

As well it was for all Mankind,
In *Noah*'s Ark he ne'er had din'd;
For *clean*, and *unclean*, at a Meal,
Had been, at once, devour'd Wholeſale.
Mortals, rejoice, that he's no more——
For had he liv'd but till Threeſcore,
Great HERCULES had ne'er been able
To clean his vaſt *Augëan* Stable.

To an HUMOURIST, *who married a moſt ugly ſuperannuated Maid.*

——— ——— ——— ——— *ah Miſer*
Quanta laboras in Charybdi!
Digne Puer meliore Flamma. Hor.

ODS Zookers, honeſt, gallant, HARRY,
What put it in thy Head to *marry?*

Or,

Or, if thou could'ſt not help thy Fate,
Why did'ſt thou chuſe a *monſtrous Mate?*
What Man, that wore his Eyes aright,
Wou'd couple with her, in Day Light?
She's ſuch a huddled, ill-made Thing,
Sure, Nature's Pow'rs lay ſlumbering,
When ſhe was form'd. Upon my Life,
Thou'ſt got the *Devil of a Wife.*
Damnation's ſcarce a greater Curſe,
Than *This*, for *better and for worſe.*
Nay, be not angry —— for no Muſe
In Conſcience can thy Deed excuſe:
And mine, inſtead of hearty Hailing,
Can hardly be with-held from Railing.
Who ever ſaw ſo wide a *Mouth*,
Stretch'd, like the *Poles*, from North to South?

The *Lips* how thin! the *Teeth* how black!
That ſallow *Skin!* that Bow-bent *Back!*
Theſe hagged *Eyes!* this tow'ring *Noſe!*
Breath, that outvies *Beargarden*, *pos!*
In *Her*, all Imperfections meet,
And every one outſtinks *Fiſh-ſtreet!*
Phy, HARRY, wert thou in thy Senſes?
But 'tis in vain to make Defences.
Ha! now, I think, by this Alliance,
Thou bid'ſt all *Jealouſy* Defiance:
And, whilſt *we Fools* our Senſes pleaſe,
Thou cur'ſt thy *Luſt* by a *Diſeaſe.*
Others, with little Toil and Care,
Addreſs, and doat upon the Fair:
But *Thou*, great Hero, durſt encounter
Deformity it ſelf, and mount her,

Like brave Saint GEORGE, thou lay'ſt thy Leg on
The Top of this prodigious *Dragon*;
And boldly break'ſt, advent'rous Deed!
The Barriers of her *Maiden-Head.*
Now ſleep, my Friend, in full Content——
No Man will ſteal thy Puniſhment.
'Twou'd be a double Crime to break
Thy *Orchard*, for thy *Fruitage'* Sake.
But, when old Age, or Sickneſs, raze
And ruin many a goodly Face;
Thou, to thy Comfort, may'ſt rejoice,
To ſee the Wiſdom of thy Choice.
As Nought can mend, ſo Nought by Force,
Can make thy Favourite *Night-Piece* worſe.

TO

AARON HILL, *Eſq;*

TO you, great Man, and my diſtinguiſh'd Friend,
A Writ of *Zeal* and *Vanity* I ſend,
From fair EDINA, *Caledonian* Pride!
Where I, a-while, (ſo help me GOD!) reſide.
Stiff, and unlabour'd, as our *Northern* Climes,
You'll find the Genius of your MITCHELL's Rhimes;
Yet rather choſe I, to deſerve your Frown,
Than not the Debts of generous Favours own.
In vain, the Pow'r of Abſence wou'd remove
The fix'd Impreſſions of obliging Love.

Never,

Never, by *me*, can *Friendſhip* be forgot:
I challenge *Death* its Memory to blot.
The humane Soul may change its Place, and State;
But *Gratitude* and *Love* on its *Exiſtence* wait.
Yet pardon, Sir, th' Impertinence of Verſe,
To ſuch, as you, 'tis Boldneſs to rehearſe
In meaſur'd Phraſe; I own my ſelf too free:
But you have made an *Impudent*, of *Me*.
Your kind Indulgence *braſs'd* my *Muſe*'s Brow:
Your Candour will forgive her Kindneſs, now.
O cou'd I imitate your lofty Lays,
Abhorrent from the vulgar Flights to Praiſe!
But who, like HILL, can raiſe his ev'ry Thought,
And ſing, as boldly, as your * GIDEON fought?
High o'er the verſeful Throng, you ſtand, alone,
Aſſerting boundleſs Fancy's rightful Throne:

* GIDEON, an Epic Poem by *Aaron Hill*, Eſq;

Others

Others their ſoft, their ſickly, Numbers boaſt,
Where all the ſacred Energy is loſt.
Them Soul-leſs Readers eagerly admire,
And, with uplifted Eyes, at every Line expire.
Harmonious Sounds ſupply the Want of Senſe,
And Inſpiration ſinks, in flowing Eloquence!
A different Taſte (I thank thee, Heav'n!) is mine;
Let *me* have Verſe, enforc'd by *Heat Divine.*
I love the Lays, that, like a Genius, riſe,
And ſtrike the Soul, with Wonder and Surprize;
Where innate Virtues tow'r a MILTON's Flight,
And ſteer the Work, with MARO's Judgment, right.
Give me the *Poet*, whoſe prodigious Thought,
(Tho' to the Plainneſs of Proſe-writing brought)
Can ſtill its Godlike Dignity maintain,
And juſt Applauſe of true Diſcernment gain.

But I, no *Critick!* cautious, muſt forbear,
To publiſh what may meet Damnation *here.*
Tho' us'd to Freedom, in more *Sunny* Climes,
Here muſt I padlock my rebellious Rhimes.
'Tis beſt to ſtifle all *uncommon* Thoughts,
Where *Elegancies* are arraign'd, as *Faults.*

How wou'd you wonder at my alter'd Caſe,
Cou'd you behold me walk, with *Spaniſh Pace,*
Affected Gravity, and *ſolemn Face?*
In *Coffee-houſes,* wage a War with Wit!
At *Church,* as formal, as the *Parſon,* ſit,
With Eyes, new-diſciplin'd preciſely right,
Both when to wink, and how to turn the *white!*
While making Viſits, quarrel with the Age!
Lampoon the *Muſes,* and the modern *Stage!*
Declaim againſt new-faſhion'd *Coats* and *Wigs!*
And worry all the *Independent Whigs!*

Still,

Still, thus reſtrain'd, had I but liv'd, and wrote,
I had, long ſince, fair *Teſtimonials* got.
Perhaps, in Honour of my *Dullneſs*, too,
I had e'en grac'd a *Pulpit-Throne*, ere now:
And, like cogenial *Craftſmen*, learnt the Way,
T' enrich my ſelf, and dupe the World aſtray:
An uſeful Art, in which the *Prieſts* excel!
—But * GORDON beſt their *Myſteries* can tell.

Mean while, a *Prieſt* to PHOEBUS and the *Nine*,
My *Stipend* ſcarce affords inſpiring Wine:
(So be my *Faults*, whatever Faults there be,
Imputed to the *Times*, and not to *me*.)
This, by the Spirit of my Verſe you'll gueſs,
And wonder I ſhou'd venture on the Preſs.
But think, my Friend, what's *Hereſy* with you,
With us is honeſt, Orthodox, *True-Blue*.

* Mr. T. GORDON, Author of the celebrated Papers, call'd *The Independent Whig*. *Modeſt Apology for Parſon* Alberoni, *&c.*

'Tis Odds, but my *Proſaic* Numbers pleaſe;
For Readers *here* love Verſes writ with *Eaſe*.
Mankind (and who can blame them?) reliſh beſt
The *Entertainments*, ſuited to their *Taſte*.
Hence our *Trans-Tweedale Poets*, when they print,
(Tho' you ſhou'd ſwear you ſee no Beauty in't.)
Affect a Sort of Writing, that goes down,
Like ſugar'd Plumbs, in this devoted Town.
Thus * CLARK, and KER, write *Palinodes* and *Sonnets*,
Adapted to the Genius of *Blue Bonnets*;
While HAMILTOUN, and PENNYCUICK, compoſe,
To the ſame Tune, a Sort of jingling Proſe.
Ev'n Poet RAMSAY, in *Parnaſſus* fam'd,
The *common-Gutherum* of the Muſes nam'd!
(Tho' RAMSAY cou'd aſſert the true *Sublime*,)
Intent on Caſh, purſues the vulgar Rhime.
'Twou'd

* Several Cotemporary Bards, known by their proper Names and Works, in *North-Britain*.

'Twou'd break his Stock o'er *common Vogue* to riſe!
Above our Hemiſphere there's nought but hungry
Skies.
How great the Curſe, if ſuch, alone, ſhou'd ſtand
The modern Claſſicks of my native Land?
A higher Spirit did our Country boaſt,—
But ah! the antient Energy how loſt!
DOUGLAS, BUCHANAN, DRUMMOND, and the reſt,
Of Fame immortal! different Senſe expreſs'd.
Heav'ns! what Ideas fill'd each mighty Mind!
Their Works appear'd the Mirrour of Mankind!
Nor judg'd the *Readers* worſe than *Poets* writ:
They ne'er paid Money, but for Sterling Wit.
Then Giants liv'd!—— but ſtop, my pious Muſe,
And you, my Friend, my melting Grief excuſe.
Then SCOTIA was a Kingdom, fam'd! and free!
Each Subject *then* his native Prince might ſee!

Kings, in Succeſſion, grac'd the ancient Throne!
Nor ſought, nor envy'd Nations, not their own!
Beneath their Influence, Arts and Arms cou'd live,
And every Thing, but modern Vices, thrive.
The *Roman* Eloquence they Captive made,
And dar'd their conquering Pow'rs our Glory to invade
But ah! how faln! How low our Honours lie!
—Yet paſs we this ſevere Reflection by,
And hail the Siſter-Lands! O may they prove
Rivals in Virtue, Loyalty, and Love;
By GEORGE's Wiſdom, and reſiſtleſs Might,
Abroad ſtill conquer, and at Home unite.
Yet judge aright, nor miſconſtruct my Senſe:
We want not Spirits, bold in Wit's Defence;
Men of juſt Taſte, and Elegance refin'd,
Whoſe Names adorn the Arts, that moſt adorn the Mind,

Long

Long may ſuch Patrons grace our antient Iſle!
Ne'er may we want a STAIR, and an ARGYLE!
The MAILLANDS, by *Hereditary Right*,
Are fix'd the *Muſes'* Glory and Delight,
Since LAUDERDALE, from MARO, ſnatch'd the Bays,
And, on his Name, entail'd a more than mortal
Praiſe.

Arts riſe and fall, like other tranſient States:
Both they, and we, are govern'd by the Fates.
Perhaps, tho' now, the popular Taſte is low,
And here and there our noble Spirits glow;
The Youth, with Godlike Majeſty avow'd,
Will break, effulgent, from the common Cloud.
Already, ſome, diſdaining ſervile Ways,
Begin to ſhew their Rapture in their Lays.
May they improve, with happier Skill, to ſing
Sublimeſt Notes, and ſtrike the boldeſt String.

'Twere vain for me, by *Fools* and *Prieſts*, purſu'd,
To hope Succeſs, where I'm not underſtood.
'Twou'd vex me too, to ſee a *Blockhead*'s Name,
Diſtinguiſh'd with the Patrons of my Fame.
May none, ye *Pow'rs*, but Men of *Taſte*, incline,
To ſtand *Subſcribers* to a Work of mine;
A *ſelect Liſt* wou'd be, indeed, my Pride!
A *Mob* is ever on the blundering Side!

When ſhall I next AUGUSTA's Courts admire?
When re-aſſume my long-neglected Lyre?
O how I long, amid the tuneful Train,
To graſp the Glories of a raptur'd Strain!
With You and DENNIS, POPE and CONGREVE, ſit,
And ſhine, renoun'd, in ev'ry Kind of Wit:
With grateful Taſte, enjoy the Hours of Tea,
In CLIO and MIRANDA's Company:

And,

And, when I'm bleſt with more compleat Delight,
Retire with fair OPHELIA, all the Night;
In her ſoft Arms, forget the Woes of Life,
And riſe to Heav'n—for there's a Heav'n in Wife.

Time flies apace—mean while, my gen'rous Friend,
My Love to all our old Concerns commend.
Balfour and *Bowman* ſhare, with you, my Heart:
'Tis ſpoke, by Nature, that takes Place of Art.
A haſty Letter has no Need of Dreſs,
So God b'ye, Sir— now, Boy, beſpeak the Preſs.

TO

Sir RICHARD STEEL.

A BARD, who ne'er his Fortune wiſh'd to raiſe,
By ſervile Bows, and mercenary Praiſe;
Who,

Who, but to Merit, never bent a Knee,
Unhoping, ſends his Mite of Praiſe to *Thee*;
To *Thee*, whoſe Approbation is Reward!
Whoſe Favour wou'd procure his Muſe Regard!
Born, where the Sway imperious Kirk-Craft bears,
And where a Muſe ſcarce, in an Age, appears,
To *Goſpel*-Notes were tun'd my early Years.
The Sage, my Sire, deſign'd me for a *Prieſt*,
And I was forc'd, to carry on the Jeſt.
Twice twelve Months ſpent I, in *ſcholaſtic* Grace,
Studied the *Sounds*, and learn'd the queer *Grimace*.
Full orthodox my *Principles* were deem'd;
And what more blameleſs, than my *Practice*, ſeem'd?
Againſt my Life the Kirk had no Complaint,
And I, my ſelf, believ'd my ſelf a *Saint*.
So much I por'd, ſo ſerious was my Look,
I cheated *others*, and *my ſelf* miſtook.

'Tis

'Tis ſtrange how Books, and Company, conſpire,
To change the very Bent of one's Deſire.
My inbred Genius Converſation dull'd,
And Nature's Purpoſe, in my Make, was null'd.
By Cuſtom's Influence, from a ſprightly Wit,
I ſunk below the Zenith of a *Cit.*
And, had I not, with fond Ambition fir'd,
Travel'd to ſee what blindly I admir'd,
Still at EDINA, with religious Qualms,
I *Texts* had *ſnivel'd,* and *Sol-fa-a'd* the *Pſalms.*
In that wild Seaſon, when Mankind gave Scope
To Madneſs, in Adventures big with Hope!
When Store, long treaſur'd, or improv'd in Trade,
The *Lottery of Avarice* was made!
Juſt as Deluſion reach'd the utmoſt Height,
I came, in Time, to mark the *Publick Bite.*

I ſaw,

I ſaw, and ſuffer'd, in the common Fate——

——But vain is Sorrow, and Relief is late!

Deſp'rate, I herded with the tuneful Throng,

That grace the fair AUGUSTA with their Song:

By them infected, with *Poetick Itch*,

I further ſtray'd from Roads of being rich.

Long have I Payment ſtopt; and ſome complain,

That I'm ne'er like to open Purſe again.

I ſummon all the *Muſes* to my Aid;

The *Muſes* fly, as if they were afraid.

No generous *Patrons* weigh my claimant Caſe;

They *promiſe*, but ne'er put me in a *Place!*

Diſmal Condition! O why did I quit

The *Kirk*, in Hopes of riſing by my *Wit?*

How better 'twere, to beat a *Pulpit Throne*,

Than mount PARNASSUS' Top, and be undone!

Hence

Hence, *Syren* Siſters; hence, thou God of Verſe—
No more entice, nor aid me, to rehearſe.
Money and *Credit*, *Place*, or *Penſion*, now,
Is all the Shrine to which I humbly bow.
Help me to theſe, and, with my lateſt Pow'rs,
I'll ſing your *Praiſe*, and ſhow how much I'm yours.
And Thou, O STEEL, who want'ſt not WALPOLE's Ear,
An honeſt Poet's rude *Petition* hear;
Hear, and forgive—for 'tis a crying Crime
To dun your Nature with uncourtly Rhime—
And, if a lucky Minute chance to riſe,
Seize it for me, and give me ſweet Surprize.
'Twill coſt you but a Word, to ſend me *North*,
T' inſpect *Tobacco*, *Brandy*—— and ſo forth.

A

POETICAL DREAM,

Addreſs'd to the RIGHT HONOURABLE

JOHN *Earl of* STAIR.

LATE, wand'ring lonely, penſive, and diſtreſt,
By winding THAMES, I laid me down to Reſt:
But mimick *Fancy* kept awake my Grief,
'Till STAIR's lov'd Image roſe to my Relief.

Methought, in mournful, melancholy, Strain,
As thus my *Muſe* expreſs'd my inward Pain,
The God of *Wit*, preſented fair in View,
Thus ſooth'd my Soul, and pointed me to *You*.

Vouch-

Vouchſafe, my *Lord*, with Candour to regard
The Scene betwixt APOLLO and your *Bard*.
Firſt I, complaining — "O my luckleſs Fate!
" Why am I, PHOEBUS, doom'd to ſuch a State?
" Why is your *Votary*, why your faithful Son
" Neglected, ſcorn'd, deluded, and undone?
" Was it for *This* I gave my ſelf betimes
" To *claſſick* Studies, and to *Syren* Rhimes?
" For *This*, did I devote my Youth to *Wit?*
" For *This*, my Hopes of *Kirk-Preferment* quit?
" Have I, perfidious to the ſacred *Nine*,
" Profan'd their *Temples* and their Fire divine?
" Have I, in *Verſe*, a Poetaſter prov'd?
" Deſerve I not, alas! to be belov'd?
" Hard Fate! that *Fidlers* and *Buffoons* find Place,
" When *Bards* inſpir'd implore, in vain, for Grace!

" Unequal

" Unequal Fortune! bounteous to impart
" Her Gifts to *Fools*, and ſtarve the Sons of *Art!*
APOLLO, ſmiling, gently made Reply——
" Thy Plaints, dear Youth, have often reach'd our Sky.
" But check Deſpair—Thy various Sufferings paſt,
" The *Fates* decree deſerv'd Succeſs, at laſt.
" *Fortune* and *Merit*, grown familiar Friends,
" Will ſure, tho' ſlowly, make a rich Amends.
Then I rejoin'd—— " How oft have I believ'd,
" And been, by flatt'ring Promiſes, deceiv'd;
" How vain my Hopes? How impotent my Pray'rs?
" How fleet my Joys? How conſtant prove my Cares?
" Alas! I fear, your Godhead mocks my Caſe,
" Or hath not Pow'r to lift me to a *Place.*
" PARNASSUS' Soil is barren, and the Streams
" Of *Helicon* appear deluſive Dreams.

" To

" Too peeviſh grown — reply'd the God of Verſe —
" Thou lov'ſt, I find, to hear thy ſelf rehearſe.
" Indulge thy Spleen — what Profit will it bring?
" Can Railing, or Rebellion move a King?
" Rather, like *Horace*, humorouſly gay,
" Riſe to Preferment in a pleaſant Way.
" Careſs the *Great*, and gain upon their Grace,
" Laugh at their Faults, and look them in the Face.
" Or, like a Changeling, ape the veering Wind,
" Unſing thy Songs, and bubble all Mankind.
" Be bold in Lies, no ſupple Flattery ſpare,
" And *Fortune*'s Boons may ſooner fall thy Share.
" Periſh her Boons — I angrily reply'd —
" Periſh my *Muſe*, ere venal Means be try'd.
" Let other *Poets* proſtitute their Lays;
" On vile Foundations, I'll not build my Praiſe.

" Ne'er will I ſing at *Virtue*'s ſad Expence,
" Nor make *Wit* war with *Honeſty* and *Senſe*.
" Be *Honour* always my peculiar Guard.
" Who forfeits *Honour*, merits no Reward.
" Too *ſtoically* nice, APOLLO ſaid——
" It ſeems, thou ſcorn'ſt to make my *Art* thy *Trade!*
" My *Trade!*—I anſwer'd—Yields it any Gain?
" Does it enrich? Or can it Life ſuſtain?
" SPENCER it ſtarv'd! nor far'd great MILTON well!
" JOHNSON it ſowr'd! and BUTLER's Caſe was Hell!
" Were DRYDEN, OTWAY, LEE, and OLDHAM bleſt?
" Were ROW, and SMITH, and PHILLIPS, e'er at Reſt?
" Say, did your Art alone, make PRIOR great?
" From it, deriv'd ſweet ADDISON his State?
" By it, was CONGREVE ſav'd from Poet's Fate?
" In you, did STEPNEY his Advancement find?
" Had POPE no Patrimony, but his Mind?

" *Genius*,

" *Genius*, without a pow'rful Friend, might die!
" 'Tis lucky *Chance* that lifts a Mortal high.
" Severe in Virtue! ſtill I am thy Friend,
" And now — ſaid PHOEBUS — my Advice attend:
" So ſhalt thou *Honour*, to thy Death maintain,
" Nor rob the World of thy *Poetick* Vein.
" Look out a *Patron*, worthy all thy Praiſe;
" *One*, who can *reliſh*, and *reward* thy Lays;
" Who *human-Kind*, as well as *Books*, has read;
" A generous *Heart*, and a judicious *Head*;
" Who knows thy Excellence, and will forgive
" Small *Faults*, for *Beauties*, that deſerve to live.
" Be ſure, the Man by innate *Worth* be great,
" Nor leſs diſtinguiſh'd by his *Deeds*, than *State*.
One, who his *King* and *Country* long has ſerv'd;
" Amid *Temptations*, ne'er from *Honour* ſwerv'd;

" And who ſo far tranſcends your higheſt Strain,
" That all Eſſays, to *flatter* him, were vain.
" Alas!—ſaid I—Intent on publick Good,
" STAIR will not heed me in the humble Crowd.
" Courage—quoth PHOEBUS—He deſerves thy Truſt,
" If what thou ſeek'ſt be moderate and juſt.
" In *Him*, thou'lt find a *Patron* to thy Mind,
" *Great*, without *Pride!* without diſſembling, Kind!
" No *low-deſigning*, *fickle*, *treacherous*, Lord!
" But *mindful* of his *Friend*, and faithful to his *Word!*
" Attempt his *Favour*, for his *Int'reſt* ſue,
" They're never grudg'd, whoſe *Merit* makes them [due.
" He'll ſmile Diſtinction on thy honeſt Lays,
" Help thee to *Place*, and eternize thy Praiſe.
Raptur'd, I wak'd, and dwelt upon my *Dream*,
And from that Hour, your *Lordſhip* was my Theme

To

To You, my Service and my Pray'rs belong,
You are the Favourite *Hero* of my Song.
O may you make your MITCHELL's Caſe your Care!
And Heav'n's ſelecteſt Bleſſings crown the generous STAIR!

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE
JOHN *Earl of* STAIR,
BEFORE THE
ELECTION of Sixteen Peers for *Scotland, Anno Dom.* 1722.

THE Bard, who boaſts Devotion to your Name,
And ſung the good * Sir DAVID's deathleſs Fame,

* Sir *David Dalrymple*, Bart.

Preſumes again to interrupt your Thoughts,
With humble Senſe, and unharmonious Notes.
Shou'd STAIR, regardleſs of a wretched Muſe,
His kind Protection to my Verſe refuſe,
What generous *Peer*, of *Caledonian* Blood,
Or will, or can do MITCHELL's Genius Good?
Others may boaſt a ſhowy Pow'r, and State ——
But who, like STAIR, at once is *good* and *great?*
Be *This* your Glory ſtill— nor ſcorn his Lays,
Who ſcorns to prove a Proſtitute, for Praiſe.
Tho' long I've wander'd fickle Fortune's Sport,
By *Prieſts* purſu'd, unheeded by the *Court*,
Souls, of your Stamp, can pity and protect,
And gather Fame from other Men's Neglect,
So *Fools*, ſometimes, unpoliſh'd Gems deſpiſe,
Whoſe Value, known, diſtinguiſhes the *wiſe*.

Permit,

Permit, my *Lord*, a *Poet* to expreſs
Some natural Pride, in midſt of his Diſtreſs.
I own, no Face of Fortune can controul
The ſtated Virtue of my noble Soul.
I'd rather bear the Inſults of the *Baſe*,
And ſtill prefer PARNASSUS to a *Place*,
Than *cringe* and *buckle* to my Mind's Diſgrace.
Yet I can ſtoop, where *Honour* gives me Leave,
And thank the Hand, that brings me wiſh'd Reprieve:
Nor wou'd I, if I cou'd do better, ſit
At Home, a lazy Liver on my Wit.
But till, ah fruitleſs Hope! ſome friendly Pow'r,
For future Life, lays my Foundation ſure,
In Spite of *me*, this damn'd, *poetic*, Itch
Will marr my lucky Fortune to be rich!
Now, to EDINA ev'ry *Clan* repairs,
To chuſe Directors of our *Scots'* Affairs.

My Hearr attends 'em —— but the wanted Pelf
Arreſts my *Muſe*, a poor, abandon'd Elf!
Here I muſt ſigh each Summer Night away,
And hide from hunting Catchpoles all the Day.
O tell it not in GATH, that ſixteen *Peers*
Had but one *Bard*, and left him all in Tears.
The PHILISTINES will triumph at the News,
And mock, at once, the *Patrons*, and the *Muſe*.
'Twere nobler far, before th' *Elections* come,
To *frank* your honeſt *Poet* MITCHELL Home.

MITCHELL, *Solus,*

Sitting in a thoughtful Poſture: In his Hand, his Taylor's Bill, *with an expoſtulatory Letter: Pen, Ink, and Paper, on the Table by him.*

In Imitation of CATO's *Soliloquy,*

AND

Humbly Inſcribed to the Rt. Honourable

JOHN *Earl of* STAIR,

Anno Dom. 1724.

IT muſt be ſo— *Taylor*, thou reaſon'ſt well!—
Elſe whence this pleaſing Hope, this fond Deſire,
This earneſt Longing, to diſcharge thy *Bill?*
Or whence this ſecret Dread, and inward Horror,

Of

Of an *Arreſt?* Why ſhrinks the conſcious Soul
Back on her ſelf, and ſtartles at a *Bayliff?*
The *Juſtice* of a Cauſe prevails within us;
'Tis *Honeſty* that points out better Days,
And intimates ev'n *Money* to a *Bard!*
Money! thou pleaſing, anxious, dreadful Thought!
Through what Variety of untry'd Life,
Through what new Scenes and Changes muſt we paſs?
The wide, th' unbounded Proſpect lies before me;
But Shadows, Clouds, and Darkneſs reſt upon it.
Here will I hold. If a *Mæcenas* be,
(And That there is, Fame publiſhes abroad
Thro' *Britiſh* Realms) he muſt delight in Goodneſs;
And That which he delights in muſt be happy.
But when! or who? — at preſent I'm in Need,
And dun'd for Debt — but This muſt bring Relief.
(Taking his Pen in his Hand.)
Thus

Thus am I doubly arm'd. My Pain or Pleaſure,
My Bane and Antidote are both before me.
This in a Moment claps me in a *Goal*;
But *That* informs me I ſhall yet be rich.
The *Muſe*, ſecur'd by Inſpiration, ſmiles
At ſight of *Catchpoles*, and defys a *Writ*.
Nobles may periſh, and the *King* himſelf
Submit to Fate, the very Realm be ruin'd;
But *Bards* ſhall flouriſh in immortal Youth,
Unhurt amidſt the *Whig* and *Tory* Broils,
Our civil Fury, and our foreign Wars.
What means this heavineſs that hangs upon me?
This Lethargy that creeps thro' all my Senſes?
Nature, oppreſs'd and harraſs'd out with Care,
Sinks down to Dulneſs.— Let me drink a *Bottle*,
That my awaken'd *Muſe* may wing her Flight,
Renew'd in all her Strength, and freſh with Life,

An Off'ring fit for STAIR. Let Guilt or Fear
Diſturb Man's Reſt: *Mitchell* knows neither of 'em,
Indifferent in his Choice to live or die,
If he, great Lord! vouchſafe me not his Favour.

To the Right Honourable

JOHN *Earl of* STAIR,

1724.

WHAT tho' my Dividend of Wit
For *Preaching* made me ſeem unfit,
When, 'midſt an Herd of *Levites* muddy,
Creeds and *Confeſſions* were my Study?
Shall Works of mine prove out of Seaſon
With *Laymen*, for the *Clergy*'s Reaſon?

Does

Does *Verſe* unqualify my Mind
For Offices of every Kind?
Muſt I deſpair to get a Place?
Zookers, my Lord, 'tis an hard Caſe!
— But tho' the World ſhou'd all agree,
In ſaying, there's no Worth in *Me*;
I dare be bold to own to you,
I'll never think the Saying true:
Nor, while ſo many Fools I ſpy,
Can I believe there's none but I.
Then, firſt, my *Lord*, my Pride forgive,
And, next, e'en help me how to live.

THE

THE

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT,

To the Right Honourable

JOHN *Earl of* STAIR,

1726.

O *Britain*'s Boaſt, and Glory of our Times!
Belov'd at Home! Renown'd in foreign Climes!
Thou *Courtier*, *Hero*, *Patriot*, ever dear!
The *Muſes*' Friend! to me, the kindeſt *Peer!*
My firſt, great *Patron!* and the only *Lord*,
Who ne'er to *Mitchell* meanly broke his Word!
How ſhall a grateful *Bard* his Debt diſcharge?
So poor his Stock, and his Arrears ſo large!

How

How ſhall my *Muſe* my Heart's Reſentment ſing?
What due Return for heaps of Favours bring?
Can Verſe of mine, can Life it ſelf, ſuffice
To pay my Duty, and unlooſe my Ties?
No! thou haſt found the Secret to controul
The Whole of *Mitchell*; thou haſt bound his Soul!
Delightful Thraldom! ſuch a Slave to be,
Is Happineſs; 'tis more than being *free!*
Then, ſpeak, my *Lord*; command me as thy own —
But 'tis too much; the Service were Renown!
Thy ev'ry Smile wou'd animate my Lays,
And Fame immortal iſſue from thy Praiſe.
Yet is it ſo? am I indeed belov'd?
Have I, O STAIR, thy *favourite Poet* prov'd?
Whence this to me? why ſhou'd'ſt thou condeſcend
To read, to praiſe, to cheriſh, and defend,

My

My humble *Muſe?* have I deſerv'd thy Grace?
And do'ſt thou ſtoop to lift thy *Bard* to *Place?*
Yes, envious *Fellow-Poets* I am bleſt;
Fret, rail, and rage, ye *Criticks*, at my Reſt.
STAIR is my *Patron*; nor diſdains to own,
That *raiſing me* impairs not his *Renown.*
Without Foundation wou'd he build my Fame?
No: from this Hour, I'll vindicate my Claim,
I'll dare to think there's Merit in my Muſe,
Defy your Cenſure, and exalt my Views.
By STAIR indulg'd and introduc'd, I ſee
The *Fair* and *Brave* already Friends to me.
They frankly join to Patronize my Lays,
Reward my Toil, and prompt me on to Praiſe.
O cou'd I, grateful, in exalted Verſe,
Proclaim his Virtues, and his Deeds rehearſe!

No boaſted *Greek*, or *Roman*, Name ſhou'd ſhine,
And be eſteem'd more glorious and divine.
No *borrow'd* Praiſe, no *Common-Place* Renown,
Shou'd mix his Godlike Character to crown:
But native Merit the great Baſis prove,
And juſt Encomiums Men's Devotion move.

To the Right Honourable

JOHN *Earl of* STAIR,

On the DEATH *of*

The Right Honourable

Sir David Dalrymple, *Baronet*,

His MAJESTY's *Advocate for* North Britain.

Quis Deſiderio ſit Pudor aut modus
Tam chari Capitis? ——— HOR.

A Bard, whom no contending Party ſways,
Who never *Worth*, by *Wealth*, or *Title*, weighs,
Untaught to flatter, and unbrib'd by Gain,
To you, my Lord, directs his doleful Strain:
A Strain,

A Strain, that makes a Kingdom's Sorrow known,
Inſpir'd by generous Suffering, like your own.
Uncommon Loſſes claim uncommon Woe,
Which vulgar Numbers cannot juſtly ſhow.
A Patriot's Death, and *ſuch* a Patriot too,
When wanted *moſt*, and Patriots are ſo *few*,
Demands our *Tears*; and, on the hallow'd Hearſe,
A HILL, or POPE, ſhou'd ſtrow immortal Verſe.
They, powerful *Genii!* equal to the Theme,
Cou'd ſing his Soul, and weep themſelves to Fame.
I, but a nameleſs Novice! humbly pay
My zealous Duty to diſtinguiſh'd Clay:
Happy, if I can Nature's Dictates trace,
Without the ſervile Aids of *common Place.*
Art looks affected in our mournful Songs,
And borrow'd Pomp a pious Offering wrongs.

But what, my Lord, can Art and Nature do,
To match the Sorrow, that has ſeiz'd on you?
A Sorrow, that is ſhar'd by all the Good,
Howe'er disjoin'd by different Rights of Blood!
Honour and Virtue feel your weighty Woe,
And reel beneath the all-afflicting Blow.
What Lover of his Country can forbear,
In ſpite of Faction, to be mourner here?
DALRYMPLE, ſcorning ſpecious Tricks of Art,
Rever'd his Country, with an honeſt Heart.
Unwearied, wou'd his generous Soul eſſay,
To help benighted Merit into Day.
He judg'd no Task, within his Province, hard;
And reap'd, in Goodneſs, its refin'd Reward.
How frank! how kind! how generous! how juſt!
His Conduct was? — how faithful to his Truſt?

How learn'd in Laws? how eloquent? how wiſe?
Who lives, yet knows not, under *Britiſh* Skies?
O, where ſhall ſacred, ſocial Virtues find
Their Charms united, in another Mind?
When ſhall we one, ſo well accompliſh'd, ſee
So humble, modeſt, complaiſant, and free.
Together all his various Merits throw,
And let Mankind his perfect Equal ſhow.

How was his Exit to his Life ally'd?
" I go, my Friends (and, as he ſaid, he dy'd)
" Take my beſt Wiſhes, and believe my Love
" Shall never leſſen, at the Courts above.
" There, if my Intereſt for you can avail,
" My Nature will not let my Labours fail.

O happy Shade! O Realms of Glory gone!
Enjoy the Reſt your Courſe of Virtue won.

No civil Diſcord, no inglorious Art,
Shall ever *there* moleſt your raviſh'd Heart.
Secure your Treaſure, and confirm'd your Claim,
Immortal be your Happineſs and Fame:
While we, condemn'd to drudge it here below,
By Want of You, your Value clearly know.

What art thou, Life, whoſe longer Stay we court?
Since Man, at beſt, is fickle Fortune's Sport.
Why ſhould we wiſh a larger Stock of Breath?
Since Nature's Self implores Relief from Death.
Is it not better, to elude, by Flight,
The Ills to come, conceal'd from humane Sight?
Fate wiſely treaſures a Reſerve of Woe
For thoſe, who further, than their Line, wou'd go.
DALRYMPLE, like a wiſe, inſtructed, Gueſt,
Enjoy'd his Portion, and forſook the Feaſt.

When

When Man has got his Share of worldly Sweets,
Too ſoon he cannot leave unſavoury Meats.
But we, weak Mortals! by our Paſſions ſway'd,
Mourn o'er the Dead, and are of Death afraid.
Begging for Life, we ſue for more Decay,
And dread to loſe what daily dies away.
Deluded Creatures! why ſo griev'd, to ſee
Our Friends, from ſad Confinement here, ſet free?
When Death comes calm, by gentle Nature led,
Shou'd we not, joyful, croud around the Bed,
And wonder more, no envious Fate deſtroy'd
The lov'd, the loving, Objects, in their Pride?
Surprizing Strokes may ſeem, perhaps, ſevere —
So dy'd *Belhaven*, the Young, the Brave, the Dear:
Belhaven, the Grief, who lately was the Grace,
Of all his noble, now dejected, Race!

For ever loſt — but ever to remain
Alive in Hearts, and in the Poet's Strain.
He ſunk untimely, as the beauteous Roſe
Is daſh'd to Pieces, when a Tempeſt grows.
Not ſo DALRYMPLE, who ſerenely fell,
And, tir'd with Life, bid this vain World *farewell.*
He drop'd, like *Autumn-fruit*, that mellow'd long,
Prepar'd, to join the Juſt, cogenial, Throng.
Yet ſuits it well Mortality to mourn,
For our own Loſs, and ſtrow the Patriot's Urn.
Nor is it Rudeneſs for the friendly Muſe,
To moralize Affliction into Uſe.
Alike concerns it *great*, and *ſmall*, to ſcan
The frail Eſtate, and future Hope, of Man.
Noble and Baſe are deſtin'd both to die.
In vain we wou'd impartial Juſtice fly.

No Pray'r, no Bribe, no Shew of Life, can charm
The whirling Year, and Death's tremendous Arm.

Permit, my Lord, Imagination's Flight,
And view, with me, the dreary Shades of Night.
Peruſe the Duſt, ſo lately like our own,
As much alive, and worthy fair Renown.
Obſerve how once-diſtinguiſh'd Names are join'd!
Where, now, is Grandeur? where a wond'rous Mind?
Which is the Noble? who ſhou'd be rever'd?
What Villain ſpurn'd at? and what Hero fear'd?
How low, proud Conquerors, are your Trophies laid?
How equal, now, are Kings and Subjects made?
Diogenes, thy Treaſure is not ſcant:
What more does mighty *Alexander* want?
Where are thy Pinions, thou, who, late, did'ſt fly
From Orb to Orb? an Inmate of the Sky!

Do Roſes flouriſh on *Hellena*'s Breaſt?
Democritus, appears the Grave a Jeſt?
Hear'ſt thou, O *Maro*, when we read thy Lays,
Do *Homer*'s Atoms liſten to his Praiſe?
Frail Life! how ſoon thy ſhewy Pride is paſt!
Too cruel Death! that makes ſuch dreadful Waſte!

Be taught, my Soul, with an aſſiduous Strife,
To manage well th' important Hours of Life.
With ſolemn Awe, the Ways of Truth revere,
And all thou do'ſt, by Wiſdom's Dictates, ſteer,
So ſhall not Death, with an unfriendly Frown,
Inglorious, throw thy ruin'd Cottage down:
But, ſmiling, lead thee thro' the dubious Way,
And leave thee raptur'd in immortal Day.
So ſings the Muſe, by pious Fancy warm'd;
But, ah! how weakly is the Conduct arm'd?

We *think*, *reſolve*, and *make Eſſays* to live;
Yet faſter in the devious Courſes drive.
Reaſon exerts her pure, celeſtial, Rays,
To guide our Steps thro' Errors weary Maze:
But upſtart Paſſions mount her rightful Throne,
And blindly puſh our vanquiſh'd Judgment on.
Hence we, perverſely, wander, in the Night,
Uncertain, when the Road, we take, is right.
O Nature! why ſo indolent in Good?
Too tempting Ills! by Paſſions faſt purſu'd.
Happy the Man, moſt happy in the End!
To others uſeful, to himſelf a Friend,
Who, ſteel'd by Virtue, baffles ev'ry Vice,
And rates his Honour, at the higheſt Price:
In all Events of Fortune, ſtands ſerene,
Unſhock'd by Danger, and unſowr'd by Spleen;

Views Want, Diſeaſe, and Death, without Diſmay,
Well pleas'd, each Eve, he has not loſt the Day.
Him no vain Hopes attract, no Fears oppreſs,
He's great in Loſs, and humble in Succeſs:
Amidſt the Snares of Courts, is ne'er enthral'd,
Nor, by Reflection, in his Pleaſures pall'd:
Grey in Experience, he deſpiſes Guile,
Knows a falſe Cringe, and undermining Smile:
By others' Ruin, certain Safety gains,
And ſtands, prepar'd, to ſhift the tranſient Scenes:
Such was DALRYMPLE, (ever be his Name
Mourn'd by the Muſe, and fair in future Fame)
And ſuch, my Lord, your Character confeſs'd,
Is lov'd by all, of all your *Self* the beſt.
Did you not too, too modeſtly refuſe
The juſt Encomiums of the wondering Muſe;

And

And cou'd I, equal to the glorious Theme,
By praiſing you, deſerve a deathleſs Name;
No *Britiſh* Patriot ſooner wou'd I ſing,
Nor, from feign'd Worth, my Inſpiration bring.
Your proper Merit ſhou'd adorn my Verſe,
And Envy own the Virtues I rehearſe.
But Souls, like STAIR, by ſome unlucky Fate,
Receive the Honours, they deſerve, too late.
A thouſand Years, ſucceſſive, were expir'd,
Ere *Maro*'s Muſe *Æneas*' Acts inſpir'd:
And *Trojan* Tow'rs, in Aſhes, long had lain,
Ere *Homer*'s Verſe immortaliz'd the Slain.

NB. *This* POEM *ſhou'd have follow'd immediately after the* POETICAL DREAM.

An ANACREONTIQUE,

To the Right Honourable

JOHN *Earl of* STAIR:

Occaſion'd by a View of his Lordſhip's Wardrobe a Sunning before their Majeſties Coronation, 1727.

Cælum ipſum petimus ſtultitia. HOR.

HAVE I been the ſpecial Care
Of my noble Patron STAIR?
Is, by *him*, my Muſe approv'd?
Are my various Lays belov'd?
Humbly then I'll make a Leg,
And a Favour freely beg.

But

But 'tis not (tho' *Caſh* is ſcant)
Place or *Penſion*, that I want ——
" WALPOLE (when it ſhall him pleaſe)
" Will prefer his *Bard* to theſe.
Neither ſeek I *Meat* or *Drink*,
Parchment, *Paper*, *Pen*, or *Ink* ——
" Theſe (or elſe the *Devil*'s in't)
" May be earn'd by what I print.)
But the Boon, I beg of STAIR,
Is *Equipment debonair*,
From his *Wardrobe*, rich and gay,
For the *Coronation-Day*.

Pity *Robes*, ſo fine, ſhou'd lie,
Like a *Talent*, hid —— when I,
Worthy *Poet*, want a *Sute*
With ſome *ſhowy Tinſel* to't,

In the loyal Crowd to ſtrut,
And a courtly Figure cut!
What tho' *Gazers* then ſhou'd ſay,
" Lord! how *Mitchell* looks to-Day!
" Sure, *Dependence* now is paſt!
" Or old † *Madam*'s dead at laſt!
Let 'em wonder, carp, and grin ——
Only thoſe ſhou'd laugh, who win.
Mitchell will not care a Fig,
(So he, like a Lord, looks big)
Tho' the Raſcal-Rabble ſwears,
That 'tis * COLLIER's Coat he wears;
Or he'as hir'd, from *Monmouth-ſtreet*,
Birth-Day Cloaths, and made them meet.
Yet the *Sute* muſt ſomething lack,
Ere 'tis *fitted* for my Back!

Ah!

† *A Lady who dy'd ſince this Poem was written.*
* *A Gentleman remarkable for fine Cloaths.*

Ah! how *alter'd* it muſt be,
Ere it can appear on *Me*!
Turning's not the leaſt Diſgrace!
'Tis the *Star* muſt loſe its Place!
Pity *that* no more muſt ſhine,
Nor the *Ribband green* be mine.

When, O when, ſhall worthy *Bards*
Meet with *Honours* for Rewards?
When be mark'd, for fair Renown,
By ſome *Order* of their own?
Why is no *Diſtinction* giv'n
To the *Favourite Sons of Heav'n*?

How 'twou'd glorify our Race,
And his *Coronation* grace,
Shou'd the ſecond GEORGE think fit
To create a Crown for *Wit*,

Enſigns of an *Order* new!
Neither *red*, nor *green*, nor *blue!*
But of *Rainbow*'s various Hue!
And ſelect, from tuneful Herd,
Poets nine to be prefer'd!
With a *Laureat*, Heav'n-ally'd,
In their *Chapters* to preſide!
Like *Apollo*, Laurel-crown'd,
And the *Muſes* all around!

With what Majeſty and State,
How ſuperior, greatly great,
Wou'd ſtern *Dennis* then appear,
With his *Ribband* and his *Star?*
Lord! how *Young* and *Gay* wou'd ſtrut?
What a Figure *Hill* wou'd cut?
Little *Pope* improve his Size
Inches nearer to the Skies?

Phillips

Phillips Namby Pamby quit,
And aſpire to *Epic* Wit?
Welſted, like the Frog, full-blown,
Swell and burſt with his Renown?
Rivers' luckleſs Son wou'd then
Think himſelf the *King of Men!*
And the *Laureat Euſden* look
Like a gilded Folio-Book!
I (who *Knight of Bath* ſhou'd be)
Wou'd be glad my ſelf to ſee
In *Poetick Council* ſit,
With the *Ornaments of Wit* —
Glory greater than the *Bays*,
Empty Breath and dying Praiſe!
Nor, were this rare *Order* made,
Shou'd our *Art* be deem'd a *Trade*,

Mercenary, vile and mean——
Lords and *Squires* wou'd then be ſeen
Of the *Tribe*, and proud to claim
Places with the *Knights of Fame!*
Hallifaxes wou'd ariſe,
And new *Dorſet*'s bleſs our Eyes!
Boyle's and *Buckingham*'s divine
At our ſacred *Seſſions* ſhine!
Lawderdale's and *Lanſdown*'s yet
Seize their rightful Palm of Wit!
Cheſterfield his *Kindred* own,
And partake of our Renown!
Dodington our Enſigns wear!
Wharton at our Board appear!
And Sir *William Y*—— wou'd part
With his *Red* with all his Heart,

And

And run deeper ſtill in Debt,
So he cou'd the *Rainbow* get!
This no Fancy of the Brain,
No *Chimera* wild and vain,
Shou'd his *Majeſty* proclaim ——
" Honour'd be the Sons of Fame;
" *Thus it ſhall be done to thoſe,*
" *Who tranſcend terreſtrial Proſe!*
What new Glory wou'd it bring
To the *Muſes* and the *King*,
Were this noble *Order* fixt
For the *Coronation* next!
But whate'er the Fates decree,
Generous *Patron*, think of *me*;
Let, O let not *Mitchell* paſs,
In the Crowd, ſo like an *Aſs*,

With Apparel courſe and plain;
While your *Wardrobe* does contain
Three-times Thirty *Sutes*, ſo fit
For the Dignity of *Wit*.

Or, at once to crown my Pray'r,
Shou'd I, by Decree of STAIR,
Maſter of the Robes but be ——
Rule the Roaſt who will, for *me!*

Horace, by *Mæcenas* grac'd,
And with *Lyrick Poets* plac'd,
Reach'd not nearer lofty Skies,
Than my raptur'd *Self* ſhou'd riſe!

Sublimi feriam Sidera vertice.

TO

Dr. ARBUTHNOT,

On Occaſion of the Indiſpoſition of

JOHN *Earl of* STAIR,

1726.

IS *Stair*, the *Patriot* and the *Patron*, ill?
Where then, *Arbuthnot*, is thy *ſaving Skill?*
Say, thou great *Æſculapius* of our Iſle,
On whom *Apollo*, and the *Muſes* ſmile,
Is the dire Cauſe of this *Diſeaſe* unknown?
Or, for thy *Art*, too high and mighty grown?
Impoſſible! thy *Recipes* excel,
And thou haſt ſtudied *Conſtitutions* well.

Twice to thy Hand *Britannia* look'd for Aid,
When ANNA's Illneſs made her Sons afraid;
And twice thy Hand the *Tyrant*'s Rage o'ercame,
Preſerv'd the *Queen*, and won immortal *Fame*.
—But, ah! renown'd *Phyſician*, ſhall *Diſeaſe*
Not, by thy Means, on this Occaſion, ceaſe?
Stair is the *Patient! Stair*, our noble *Chief!*
In *Peace*, or *War*, the Nation's ſure Relief!
Shall *He feel Pain*, at this *important Time?*
He ſuffer, for ſome mighty *publick Crime?*
How will the News *confound* our good *Allies?*
How *animate* our dareing *Enemies?*
Rather, *Britannia*, be whole *Legions* loſt:
Let *Gibraltar* become the *Spaniſh* Boaſt,
Hero and *Courtier*, moſt accompliſh'd, *He!*
The beſt *great Man*, and *all in all*, to *Me!*

O cou'd

O cou'd *my Pain* relieve my *tortur'd Lord!*
O cou'd *my Blood*, to *Him*, ſound *Health* afford!
— But vain the Wiſh. What pious Pray'rs can ſave
The *greateſt Mortal* from the gapeing *Græve?*
Yet, ſhou'd *He* yield to all-devouring *Death*,
What then, to *Me*, wou'd boot ſurviving Breath?
Stair once departed, what cou'd cheer my Mind?
Mæcenas gone, wou'd *Horace* ſtay behind?
No. 'Tis reſolv'd, whene'er the Patron dies,
The *Poet* ſhall attend him to the Skies.
But ſee! He's well! by kind *Arbuthnot*'s Art,
Affliction's baniſh'd from my *Hero's Heart*,
New *Life* and *Vigour* animate his Frame!
His *Looks* and *Air* recover'd *Health* proclaim!
Again *He moves!* again *appears Abroad!*
Adorns the Court! and *perſonates a God!*

How

How glad each *Face!* how joyful every *Friend!*
—Quick, to our *Foes*, the fatal Tydings ſend,
That *Charles* and *Philip*, *Thunderſtruck*, may yield
To *Britiſh Terms*, and timely quit the Field.

And, thou *Arbuthnot*, Arbiter of *Health!*
Thou *ſecond Saviour!* live in Peace and Wealth.
While ſurly and pragmatic *Doctors* kill,
Let great good Nature, and true Humour, ſtill
Inſpire thy *Recipes*, and recommend thy *Skill.*
So ſhall the *Muſes* ſing Thee in their Lays;
And *Gulliver*, himſelf, proclaim thy Praiſe,
Thee, the great *Brobdingnagian Doctor* call,
And *others* puny *Lilliputians* all!

BOLD COUNSEL,

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE

JOHN *Earl of* STAIR,

1728.

ENough, my LORD, of earthly Pride you've ſeen!
Enough exalted and illuſtrious been!
European Courts can boaſt no pompous Show,
No *Pow'r*, or *Politicks*, but what *you* know.
In *Peace* or *War*, is there a noble *Art*,
A *Glory*, wherein *you* have had no Part?
Stateſman and *Soldier*, different Names, agree
To mix, and ſhine with all their Force, in *Thee*.

What

What *foreign Nation*, your great Worth denys?
Fame of your Virtues, all-acknowledg'd, flys.
Unbiaſs'd, all your Character confeſs,
And none, *Abroad*, e'er wiſh'd your Honours leſs.
Ev'n *Britons*, blind to Merit of their own,
In ſpite of *Faction*, your Applauſes crown.
Subjects, with Praiſe, your Excellence revere,
And *Princes* are indebted to your Care.
Your Patriot Zeal, and Management confeſt,
Have, more than once, the *King* and *Country* bleſt.
—Now, by your Hand, we're reſcu'd and renown'd,
Retire, great *Lord*, with hoary Honours crown'd;
After a Courſe of *publick Glory*, ſhine
Like *Concinnatus*, in your Life's Decline;
Enjoy the Bleſſings of a *private State*;
Still, tho' remov'd from Care and Buſineſs, *great*.

Then

Then ſhall not upſtart, crafty, Minions' *Art*
Supplant your Fortune, nor diſturb your Heart;
Their *moony* Radiance ſhall not ſhade the Light
Of your meridian *Sun*, that made them bright:
But Peace and Honour evermore remain,
And th' Evening, like your Day of Life, ſerene.
The *Muſes* too, obſequious, ſhall attend,
The *Muſes*, ever faithful to their Friend!
'Tis *theirs* to wait the *Great Man* to the Grave,
And from Detraction and Oblivion ſave.
Tho' *Flatterers* fly, and the *Oblig'd* forſake;
Tho' *Friends* their Leave, at your *Retirement*, take;
Tho' *Court* and *Country*, ſhou'd *Deſerters* prove,
Mitchell muſt ſerve the Man, he's bound to love;
Honour'd and proud, if, for his duteous Care,
He's ſtill regarded by his *Patron* STAIR.

VERSES

VERSES

To the Right Honourable the

Lady SOMMERVILLE,

On her Marriage.

WHEN *Themes* profane the *Poet*'s Choice are made,
The ſacred *Nine* reluctant lend their Aid:
But half inſpir'd the *Fancy* then appears,
And languid *Numbers* paſs for manly *Verſe*.
Not ſo, when noble Subjects claim their Song —
The *Muſes* then around their *Votary* throng!

Then,

Then, all at once, their tuneful Forces join,
Swell in each Thought, and in each Cadence ſhine!
Devious, of late, amid too light a Strain,
Each of the *Siſters* was invok'd, in vain;
From my weak Wing, the ſweet *Supporters* fled,
Sunk were my Spirits, and my Numbers dead.
But, ſoon as *Fame* reliev'd me with the Sound,
That SOMMERVILLE in You his Heav'n had found,
Wrapt, I reſolv'd th'inſpiring Choice to ſing,
And crowding *Muſes* danc'd on every String.
Receive, illuſtrious Charmer, the Reſpect
Your *Poet* pays; and what he writes protect.
While *others* cold and formal Zeal diſplay,
And wiſh you Joy, the dull proſaic Way;
Mitchell, diſtinguiſh'd, with a livelier Air,
Viſits in Verſe, nor hails you leſs ſincere.

Reign,

Reign, *wedded Love*, on Reaſon founded ſtrong!
Thou Source of *Kindred*, and thou Soul of *Song!*
In *Thee*, the Lover meets no treacherous Smile;
No faithleſs Snares his manag'd Heart beguile.
What tho' to *One* thou do'ſt Deſire confine?
Thy Bounds are *Eden*, a Reſtraint divine!
Sweetly aſſociate, *He* ſuſtains no Care,
That She diſarms not by Her Right to ſhare.
Her Joys are heighten'd by the Part He bears,
And all Her Words are Muſick to his Ears.
Daſh'd on Life's Ocean, when the ſwelling Waves
Riſe over *one*, th'aſſiſting *Conſort* ſaves;
Till *each* at Anchor, 'midſt the Tempeſt, rides,
Nor dreads the Surges, nor obeys the Tides!
How greatly bleſt muſt this bright Union be,
Where *Bodies* emulate, and *Souls* agree!

Pride of thy blooming Sex — your Eyes and Air
Have wearied *Wonder*, and awak'd *Deſpair*.
Your *Form* ſeems made to match your heav'nly Mind,
And, while on *Earth*, to leave all *Earth* behind!
While SOMMERVILLE, by Nature form'd to pleaſe,
His native Bravery ſoftens into Eaſe,
And mixes Mildneſs with his manly Grace.
His warrior Line has triumph'd oft before;
But *He*, in conquering *You*, has triumph'd more.
May lengthen'd Life your meeting Wiſhes crown,
And riſing Ages ſpread your wreath'd Renown!
May no firſt Death your ſocial Hearts divide,
But late, together, be this Knot unty'd!

VERSES

Occaſion'd by the DEATH *of*

The Right Honourable the

Counteſs of GRANTHAM.

PArdon, O Shade Divine, th' officious Verſe
That breaks the ſacred Silence of thy Hearſe.
The Muſes' Grief, when for the Dead deſign'd,
Appears, at beſt, *impertinently Kind!*
Courtiers and *Poets* mix not oft in Care,
Their Paſſions and their Views ſo different are!
But, to this mourn'd Occaſion, all muſt owe
One ſocial Utterance of one general Woe.

So

So ſhall the diſtant Poles one Fate ſuſtain,
When the laſt Trumpet wakes the Dead again.

Trembling, the Muſe ſurveys the clouded Courts
How damp'd their Converſe, and how daſh'd their Sports!
What gloomy Paleneſs deadens every Face!
What ſickning Memory checks each riſing Grace!
The *Royal Pair* ſtand fix'd in gen'rous Pain,
And look a Grief that makes all Language vain.
Round, in deep Silence, ſad'ning Paſſions flow,
And Sighs from Sighs catch the contagious Woe.

Fancy, amidſt the funeral Pomp is led,
And waits, in ſolemn March, the moving Dead.
Lodg'd, in cold Earth, her *Body* ſinks reſign'd,
But her immortal *Image* charms Mankind.
Soft ſleep thy *Duſt* to wait th' eternal Will;
Then riſe unchang'd, and be an *Angel* ſtill.

Ye lovelieſt of her fair Survivors, come,
And, with ſweet Sorrow, grace her ſacred Tomb.
Fix'd o'er her marble Mirror, leaning, ſee
What weak Defence from Death your Charms can be!
Think what ſhe was; and, conſcious of her Due,
Teach us, by mourning *Her*, to ſigh for *You*.

But what wiſh'd Comfort ſhall the Muſe afford
To the ſad Boſom of her *widow'd Lord*?
Think — ſince not all your *Love* cou'd Life reſtrain —
How can your *Sorrow* charm her back again?
High above *Hope* or *Fear*, ſhe now lives bleſt,
Where nothing, but your *Woe*, can break her Reſt.
O let her, undiſturb'd, thoſe Bleſſings ſhare,
Which cannot greater be, till *You* are there.

PETER

PETER:

A N
HEROI-COMICAL POEM.

In Six Canto's

Dicam inſigne recens, adhuc
Intactum ore alio. —— HOR.

CANTO I.

PETER (whoſe Story puzzled all the *Town*,
Ere * *Gulliver* and † *Mary Tofts* were known)
I, firſt, attempt to celebrate in Song —
Nor ſhall my Muſe the *Sylvan Hero* wrong,

* *Capt.* Lemuel Gulliver. † *The Rabbit-Woman.*

If thou, *Arbuthnot*, ſtand'ſt but on my Side;
Alike, his skilful *Tutor* and my *Guide!*
Yet not on vulgar Aid depends the *Muſe* —
Great, as my wondrous Subject, are my Views!
To Godlike *Brunſwick* — whom the Nations own
The rightful Wearer of *Britannia*'s Crown;
Who rules the Hearts of People, brave and free;
Abſolute Lord of *Peter*, and of *Me*;
To Him I, ſuppliant, make my warm Addreſs:
His Smiles are Sanction, and his Praiſe Succeſs.
— If, 'mid'ſt thy Cares and Toils for human Kind,
Sometimes, the *Poets* have amus'd thy Mind;
If e'er my *Hero* found thy frank Regard;
O *King*, indulge the Genius of thy *Bard*,
And a whole Work, with one kind Smile, reward.
Methinks the *Monarch*, with auſpicious Nod,
Bids me proceed, and wakes the inſpiring God!

Sudden,

Sudden, I feel my daring Soul poſſeſt,
And ſwelling Raptures heave my beating Breaſt!
Legions of Thoughts, original indeed,
Thoughts, that ne'er enter'd in an Ancient's Head;
Tho' deep, yet clear; tho' delicate, yet ſtrong;
Joſtle for Place of Honour, in my Song!
What various Humour, Senſe, and Learning, join
To glorify this ſingular Deſign!
Here, the bold *Homer*, *Maro* the Diſcreet,
Milton ſublime, and witty *Scarroon* meet!
Cervantes, *Butler*, *Boileau*, *Dryden*, *Lee*,
Phillips, and *Prior*, mingle all in *Me!*
What choice Ingredients my rich *Oleo* rear!
The Wonderment of all, who ſee, or hear!
But who, ah! who can *reliſh*, as they *read?*
Who on the *different Delicacies* feed?

Who

Who rightly enter into what is *new*,
And judge with *Taſte*, that's *elegantly True?*
Criticks and *Fops*, in Character extream,
My Work, in vain, will celebrate, or blame!
Nor *Thoſe*, nor *Theſe*, alas! can take me *Right!*
Out of their *Way* is every Word I write!
In *Oddneſs* lies my *Muſe*'s whole Delight!
Thou *Swift*, (facetious, deep-diſcerning *Dean!*)
May'ſt find me out, and catch my Fancy, clean:
To Souls, like thine, *Arcana*'s open lie,
Nor can a *Noſtrum* 'ſcape thy brilliant Eye!
Let half a Score ſuch *Judges* give me Praiſe,
And Worlds beſide combine to blaſt my Bays.

Charm'd with the Hopes, I ſoar, I tow'r in flight,
And ten Leagues leave the *Vulgar* out of ſight.
But deign, my *Muſe*, whoſe undivided View
Looks preſent, paſt, and future Wonders thro',

The

The very Embrio's of Events foreſees,
And pierces Heav'ns *Arcana* and Decrees,
Deign, for the Sake of Mortals, to relate
Your deep Diſcoveries in the Book of Fate,
Say, did no antient *Sybil*, *Prieſt* or *Sage*,
With Soul illumin'd, kenn afar this Age?
Were all the boaſted *Oracles* unskil'd?
Without a *Prophet*, is the Time fulfil'd,
The deſtin'd Time! when mortal Men ſhou'd ſee
Peter, the Wild! the World's laſt Prodigy!
Tam'd by *Arbuthnot*, and deſcrib'd by *Me*.
Was he, O ſtrange! begot, conceiv'd, and born,
And not one *Planet* from its Orbit torn?
No *Miracle* to uſher him to Earth?
Did Nature ſleep, unconſcious, at his Birth?
Impoſſible. A *Cyrus* Dreams predict,
And *Cæſar*'s Fall muſt Heav'n and Earth afflict!

Are

Are Men and Gods concern'd at ſuch Affairs?
Are Wonders wrought to honour Names, like *Theirs?*
But muſt a *Peter*, like a *Muſhroom*, riſe?
Did not his Birth confound both Earth and Skies?
Yes; for, of him, the *Sybils* Books were full,
Nor prov'd the antient *Oracles* ſo dull.
Prophets of old, foreſaw him in their Dreams,
And *Poets* ſung him under different Names.
What tho' ten thouſand Volumes are deſtroy'd?
Volumes! in my great *Hero's* Praiſe employ'd.
Ten thouſand ſtill, in *uncouth Tongues* remain,
Which *Bently* wou'd attempt to read, in vain!
—But not on Books his Greatneſs ſtands its Ground;
By more divine Preſages, he's renown'd!
Each late ſtrange Action, Accident, and Sight,
Had ſecret Reference to my *Sylvan* Knight.

The

The glorious *Revolution*'s Self foreran
The *Savage*'s Converſion into Man!
What meant the Meteors, late, diſplay'd in Air?
Did not the *Ruſſian Czar* his Day prepare?
The *Czar*, another *Peter!* ſent, with Pow'rs,
To ſhine the *Type* and *Harbinger* of *ours!*
Did not that pow'rful *Emperor* appear,
In his firſt Life, a Sort of *human Bear?*
Were not his Actions and Behaviour rude?
His very Spirit ſavour'd of the Wood!
Till, found and tamed, he roſe, with matchleſs Worth,
The burning Light and Glory of the *North?*
— But to the *Reverend* leaving this Diſpute,
And why my Hero firſt appear'd a *Brute*,
Muſe, ſing what *unmyſterious Laymen* ſay,
And how they give his Birth a different Way:

Whether,

Whether, according to a certain *Creed*,
Of a new Species he was meant the Head;
And, in the Wood of *Hamelen*, form'd compleat,
Like *Eden-Adam* — but without a Mate?
Or, if, for Treaſon, thrown from Heav'n, he fell
Like *Lucifer* — but not to ſuch an Hell?
Whether, incarnate, he's, infernal Fiend,
Broke looſe, in hopes his Fortune here to mend?
Or if, the Spawn of *heterogeneous* Breed,
He ſprung from human, mix'd with beſtial, Seed?
If, procreated in the natural Way,
Unnatural Parents did the Boy convey,
By brutal Rage to periſh; or be fed,
As erſt by Wolves, the *Perſian* Chief was bred?
Whether he's one of the fam'd *Fairy Blades*,
Who us'd to gambol in the Woodland Shades.

Perhaps,

Perhaps, a Wanderer from his pigmy Kind,
Or, for ſome Roguery, left for Men to find?
Whether, perhaps, he caſually ſtray'd?
Or was, by Rogues, from native Home betray'd?
If left, or loſt, by *Gypſies*, in the Field,
He liv'd on what the ſavage Soil cou'd yield?
Or whether, by a *Deluge*, he was ſwept
From ſome contiguous Dwelling-place; and kept,
By Care divine, amid the *Sylvan* Throng,
T'amuſe Mankind, and furniſh out my Song?
Or, if, abhorrent of th' iniquious Age,
His Father, a *Philoſopher* and *Sage*,
Preferring the Society of *Brutes*,
Expos'd the Boy to live on humble Roots,
And, by the odd Experiment, reſtore
The State of Nature, as it ſtood before?

If,

If, ſtruck with Senſe of Miſery and Woe,
Which human-kind, by *Tameing*, undergo,
His Sire reſolv'd he wou'd not ſpoil the Child,
But, out of Love and Pity, bred him *wild*?
Or rather, if, diſguſted at the Times,
Our Faſhions, Follies, Villanies, and Crimes,
Aſtrea like, himſelf bid Earth farewel,
And hop'd in *Hamelen*, as in Heav'n, to dwell?
Theſe and a thouſand more Conjectures, I,
Uncurious paſs, with ſolemn Reverence, by;
Suffic'd, that, whether, born, or calv'd, or made,
He reign'd a *brutal Governour* by Trade,
Till thou, great *Brunſwick* (ſo Heav'n's Council ſtood)
Seiz'd on the Prey, and forc'd him from the Wood,
No leſs for *Peter*'s, than *Britannia*'s Good.

But how he liv'd, and rul'd, and was obey'd,
The Leagues he form'd, the Politicks he weigh'd;

His

His Studies, Wars, Religion, and his Sport;
The State and Conſtitution of his Court;
Why, how, and when, he was to *Britain* brought;
What he has done, and what is to be wrought;
Theſe, and a thouſand odder Things, than *Theſe*,
Shall ſwell my *Canto*'s, and enrich my Bays.

The End of the Firſt CANTO.

Hiatus ad Finem deflendus.

EPITAPH

EPITAPH

For the TOMB *of an Infant, miſcarried before it had received the Breath of Life.*

THE firſt dear Fruit of *Myra*'s Womb,
Abortive, ſanctifies this *Tomb.*
Thrice happy Child, exempt from *Breath,*
From *Birth,* from *Being,* and from *Death;*
Since *Life* is but one *common Care,*
And *Man* was made to *mourn* and *fear!*

The End of the FIRST VOLUME.